

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 36.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

[PRICE 4d., STAMPED 5d.]

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on WEDNESDAY, 4th of APRIL next, the Senate will proceed to elect Examiners in the following departments:

Examinerships.	Salaries.	Present Examiners.
<b>ARTS.</b>		
Two in Classics	150l.	Rev. J. W. Donaldson, D.D. William Smith, Esq., LL.D. Rev. Prof. Heaviside, M.A. (G. H. Jernard, Esq.)
Two in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy	150l.	Alex. Bain, Esq., M.A. Thos. Spencer Baynes, Esq., LL.B. Professor Walcy, M.A.
One in The English Language, Literature, and History	100l.	R. Dundas Thomson, Esq., M.D., F.R.S. (in Chemistry only)
Two in Logic and Moral Philosophy	100l.	Rev. A. Walbaum.
One in Political Economy	100l.	Rev. W. Drake, M.A.
One in Chemistry and Experimental Philosophy	100l.	Rev. Prof. Gotch, M.A.
One in The French Language	100l.	
One in The German Language	100l.	
Two in The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, and Scripture History	100l.	

\* The Salaries of these Examinerships are at present under consideration.

## MEDICINE.

One in The Practice of Medicine	150l.	Alex. Tweedie, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
Two in Surgery	150l.	Prof. Ferguson, F.R.S.
One in Anatomy and Physiology	100l.	Prof. Sharpey, M.D., F.R.S.
One in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy	100l.	Prof. Huxley, F.R.S.
One in Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Infants	100l.	Edward Rigby, Esq., M.D.
One in Chemistry	100l.	A. S. Taylor, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
One in Materia Medica and Pharmacy	100l.	G. Owen Rees, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.

The present Examiners are eligible, and intend to offer themselves, for re-election. Candidates must announce their names to the Registrar on or before the 30th of March.

By order of the Senate,

Burlington House, March 1st, 1859. WILLIAM H. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

**PROFESSOR OWEN**, Superintendent of the Natural History Department, British Museum, will deliver a course of TWELVE LECTURES on "FOSSIL FISHES," in the Theatre of the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn Street, on THURSDAYS and FRIDAYS, at half-past Two, commencing on the 10th of MARCH, 1859. Tickets to be had at the Museum, Jernyn Street. Fee for the course, 5s.

RODGERICK I. MURCHISON, Director.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

**NOTICE TO ARTISTS.**—All Works of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, or Engraving, intended for the EXHIBITION at the ROYAL ACADEMY, must be sent in on MONDAY, the 4th, or TUESDAY, the 5th of APRIL next, after which time no Work can possibly be received, nor can any Works be received which have already been publicly exhibited. FRAMES.—All Pictures and Drawings must be in gilt frames. Oil paintings under glass, and Drawings with wide margins are inadmissible. Extensive breadth in frames as well as projecting mouldings may prevent Pictures obtaining the situation they otherwise merit. The other Regulations necessary to be observed may be obtained at the Royal Academy.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

Every possible care will be taken of Works sent for exhibition, but the Royal Academy will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can it undertake to pay the carriage of any package. The prices of Works to be disposed of may be communicated to the Secretary.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.—THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF INVENTIONS** will open on the 9th day of April, 1859. The day fixed for receiving articles intended for Exhibition are THURSDAY, the 7th, FRIDAY the 8th, and SATURDAY, the 9th of APRIL. No charge is made for space, and the Exhibition is free.

Intending Exhibitors should communicate at once with the Secretary. By Order, P. L. N. FORT, Secretary. Society's House, John Street, Adelphi, 1st March, 1859.

**ROYAL ASYLUM OF ST. ANN'S SOCIETY.** By Voluntary Contributions, affording Maintenance, Clothing, and Education to Orphan and other necessitous Children of parents poor and in poverty. Subscriptions gratefully received by Messrs. Spence & Co., 27, Gracechurch Street, and by E. F. LEESE, Secretary. Office, 2, Wallbrook, E.C.

**WHITTINGTON CLUB AND METROPOLITAN ATHLETIC CLUB, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND.** President—MR. ALDERMAN MECHI.

The Drawing-room Parties on Tuesday evenings are resumed. The various Reading-room (supplied with all the principal London and provincial papers, magazines, &c.), the new Smoking-room, the Billiard-room, &c., are also re-opened. Classes for Languages, Fencing, Music, &c., formed. Parliamentary Society for Political Education. Half-yearly subscription, 12s. Full particulars may be had at the Secretary's office.

E. B. RUSSELL, Sec. pro tem.

## THE FRIEND OF THE CLERGY CORPORATION.

(Supported by Voluntary Contributions.)

For allowing Permanent Pensions, of not less than £30 and not exceeding £40 per annum, to the Widows and Orphan Unmarried Daughters of Clergymen of the Established Church, and for affording Temporary Assistance to Necessitous Clergymen and their Families throughout England, Wales, and Ireland.

PRESIDENT.—The Most Noble the Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex.

**THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL** will be celebrated at the LONDON TAVERN, Bishopsgate Street, on MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1859.

His Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH in the Chair.

## FIRST LIST OF STEWARDS.

His Grace the Duke of Manchester.	H. Barnett, Esq.
His Grace the Duke of Wellington.	H. Brooks, Esq.
The Right Hon. the Earl of Chichester.	J. Calverley, Esq.
The Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam.	E. Carleton, Esq.
The Right Hon. and Rev. the Earl of Guilford.	M. Dimond Churchward, Esq.
The Right Hon. the Earl of Lichfield.	H. Clarke, Esq.
The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury.	The Rev. J. C. Connolly, M.A.
The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.	T. H. Day, Esq.
The Right Hon. Lord Palmerston.	The Rev. E. B. Edgell, M.A.
Mr. Sheriff Conder.	J. A. Fould, Esq.
The Ven. Archdeacon Bentinck.	F. C. Gascoigne, Esq.
Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P.	E. Auchmuty Glover, Esq., F.R.S.
Sir A. G. Haslegrave, Bart.	The Rev. T. Green, M.A.
The Hon. and Rev. H. B. Hertie, D.C.L.	M. B. Harrison, Esq.
The Hon. George Byng, M.P.	J. Hardy, Esq.
The Hon. and Rev. H. C. Cust.	A. Harris, Esq.
The Hon. P. S. Pierrepont.	The Rev. J. W. Harrison, M.A.
J. H. Phillips, Esq., M.P.	C. Jacobson, jun., Esq.
Admiral Vernon Harcourt.	Ashurst Majendie, Esq.
Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Hale.	T. E. Manning, Esq.
Mr. Sergeant Payne.	W. Mills, Esq.
H. E. Arden, Esq.	Sheffield Neave, Esq.
	Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P.
	The Rev. R. W. Ogilby, M.A.
	Pennant Pearson, Esq.
	Edmund Wilder, Esq.
	The Rev. H. Waldo Sibthorp, M.A.
	The Rev. R. Waldo Sibthorp, M.A.
	L. G. N. Starkie, Esq.
	John Yeates Thorton, Esq.
	J. Thompson, Esq.
	The Rev. H. White, M.A.
	Edmund Wilder, Esq.
	H. Wilson, Esq.
	The Rev. B. F. Wood, M.A.

THE ANNIVERSARY SERMON will (D.V.) be preached at ALL SOULS CHURCH, Langham Place, on WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1859, by the Very Rev. the DEAN of WESTMINSTER.

The Rev. JOHN E. COX, M.A., F.S.A., Hon. JAMES NEWTON GOREN, Esq., M.A., Secs. HENRY BRAMALL, Esq. Secretary. Offices of the Corporation, 4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

## THE FRIEND OF THE CLERGY CORPORATION.

(Supported by Voluntary Contributions.)

For allowing Permanent Pensions, of not less than £30 and not exceeding £40 per annum, to the Widows and Orphan Unmarried Daughters of Clergymen of the Established Church, and for affording Temporary Assistance to Necessitous Clergymen and their Families throughout England, Wales, and Ireland.

PRESIDENT.—The Most Noble the Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex.

**SINCE** the year 1850 the Committee have been enabled to distribute in pensions the amount of £13,584, and there are now 85 ladies on the list receiving pensions of from £30 to £40 per annum each. The Committee have also during the same period been enabled to afford assistance to necessitous clergymen and their families to the amount of £7750: but, although the applications for relief under this head are very urgent and numerous (there being no less than 400 such now before the Committee), they regret to state that they have been compelled to declare their present inability to meet those demands upon them, the state of their funds not being such as to warrant them in granting relief under this head without endangering that afforded to the pensioners. The Committee therefore urgently appeal to the public for aid.

The Rev. JOHN E. COX, M.A., F.S.A., Hon. JAMES NEWTON GOREN, Esq., M.A., Secs. HENRY BRAMALL, Esq. Secretary. Offices of the Corporation, 4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

## MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

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## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 7th, BEETHOVEN.

In compliance with a very general demand, the MOZART SELECTION, which afforded so much satisfaction on Monday, February 21, will be repeated on WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 9th, 1859.

## MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 7th. BEETHOVEN.

### PART I.

QUINTET in C major, Two Violins, Two Tenors, and Violoncello	BEETHOVEN.
M. WIENIAWSKI, Herr RIES, Mr. DOYLE, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.	
AIR, "In questa tomba secura"	BEETHOVEN.
Mdlle. BEHRENS.	
SONG, "The Lover"	BEETHOVEN.
Mr. WILBYE COOPER.	
SONATA in G major, Op. 30, Pianoforte and Violin	BEETHOVEN.
Mr. CHARLES HALLE and M. WIENIAWSKI.	
SONG, "Know'st thou the land"	BEETHOVEN.
Madame ENDERSOHN.	
SONG, "The Quail"	BEETHOVEN.
Mr. SIMS REEVES.	
QUARTET CANONE, "Il cor, e la mia fe" (Fidelio)	BEETHOVEN.
Madame ENDERSOHN, Mdlle. BEHRENS, Mr. WILBYE COOPER, and Mr. J. G. PATEY.	

### PART II.

QUARTET in C minor, Op. 18, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	BEETHOVEN.
M. WIENIAWSKI, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.	
AIR, "Adelaide"	BEETHOVEN.
Mr. SIMS REEVES.	
SONATA in C major, Op. 2, No. 3	BEETHOVEN.
Mr. CHARLES HALLE.	
DUET, "The joys of life"	BEETHOVEN.
Madame ENDERSOHN and Mr. WILBYE COOPER.	
SONG, "Coi quattrin" (Fidelio)	BEETHOVEN.
Mr. J. G. PATEY.	
QUARTET, "Ye tuneful brethren" (Praise of Music)	BEETHOVEN.
Madame ENDERSOHN, Mdlle. BEHRENS, Mr. WILBYE COOPER, and Mr. J. G. PATEY.	

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9th.

### MOZART.

#### PART I.

GRAND QUINTET in G minor, for Two Violins, Two Violas, and Violoncello	MOZART.
M. SAINTON, Herr RIES, Mr. DOYLE, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.	
SONG, "The very Angels weep, dear"	MOZART.
Mr. WILBYE COOPER.	
DUET, "Ah perdona al primo affetto"	MOZART.
Miss STABBACH and Mr. WILBYE COOPER.	
TEMA CON VARIAZIONI in A major, Pianoforte	MOZART.
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.	
SONG, "L'addio"	MOZART.
Mdlle. BEHRENS.	
SONG, "Dalla sua pace"	MOZART.
Mr. SIMS REEVES.	
QUARTET CANONE, "E nel tuo mio bicchiere"	MOZART.
Miss STABBACH, Mdlle. BEHRENS, Messrs. WILBYE COOPER and THOMAS.	

#### PART II.

GRAND QUARTET in C major, No. 6, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	MOZART.
M. SAINTON, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.	
SONG	MOZART.
Mr. SIMS REEVES	
SONG, "Since youth and beauty both are thine"	MOZART.
Miss STABBACH.	
DUET, "Su Bevilam del bon liore"	MOZART.
Mr. WILBYE COOPER and Mr. THOMAS.	
SONATA in A major, for Pianoforte and Violin	MOZART.
Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and M. SAINTON.	
SONG, "Qui s'adegna"	MOZART.
Mr. THOMAS.	
TRIO, "Solve sia il vento"	MOZART.
Miss STABBACH, Mdlle. BEHRENS, and Mr. THOMAS.	

CONDUCTOR.—MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s. Reserved Seats (Balcony), 3s. Unreserved Seats, 1s. Which may be obtained at the Ticket Office of the Hall, 25, Piccadilly; KETCH, PROWSE, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; CHAMBER, RALES, & Co.'s, and HAMMOND'S, Regent Street; OULTON'S, Old Bond Street; LADDER & COCKS, and CHAPPELL'S, 90, New Bond Street.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—  
FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS  
MANAGER.—LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE PANTOMIME.—  
The Public is respectfully informed, that MR. and MRS. C. KEAN'S  
ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on MONDAY, MARCH the  
26th, when will be produced the last Shakespearian revival under the  
existing management.

The following are the intermediate arrangements:

HAMLET, on MONDAY, MARCH the 7th; on MONDAY the  
14th; and (last time) on WEDNESDAY the 23rd.

LOUIS THE ELEVENTH, on TUESDAY, MARCH the 8th; on  
WEDNESDAY the 16th; on MONDAY the 21st, and (last time) on  
FRIDAY the 26th.

MACBETH, on THURSDAY, MARCH the 10th; and on THURSDAY  
(last time) the 17th.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, on FRIDAY, MARCH the  
11th; on TUESDAY the 18th; on FRIDAY the 19th; on TUESDAY  
the 22nd; and on THURSDAY the 24th.

THE CORSIAN BROTHERS, on SATURDAY, MARCH the  
12th; on SATURDAY the 19th;

and with (last times)  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, on TUESDAY and  
THURSDAY the 22nd and 24th.

These plays will not be re-produced, with the exception,  
perhaps, of one or two representations only towards the termination  
of the Management in the latter part of the Month of July.

**MR. ALBERT SMITH'S CHINA IS OPEN**  
EVERY NIGHT (including SATURDAY) at Eight. TUESDAY,  
THURSDAY, and SATURDAY Afternoons at Three o'clock.  
Stalls, numbered and reserved, which can be taken in advance from  
the plan at the Egyptian Hall every day from Eleven to Five  
without any extra charge, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

**BARNUM.—POSITIVELY THE LAST TIME**  
AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12. In  
consequence of provincial engagements Mr. P. T. BARNUM will give,  
as above, his pictorial entertainment on MONDAY, MARCH 15th,  
MAKING for the last time at St. James's Hall. Open at 7, commence  
at 8. Carriages a quarter to 10. Stalls, 3s. Balcony, 2s. body of the  
Hall and Gallery, 1s. Places secured without extra charge at CHARLES  
WELLS', MUSEUMS, CHAMBERS & BROS', JOLLEN'S, KENT'S, 46,  
Cheapside, and at the Hall.

Mr. BARNUM will give his entertainment at Bath, Morning and  
Evening, March 4; Salisbury, 7; Southampton, 8; Portsea, 9;  
Hastings, 10; Brighton, 11; London, 12; and Sheffield, 25.

**MARYLEBONE LITERARY INSTITUTION,**  
17, EDWARDS STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.  
ASH-WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9th, Mr. EDWIN ATHERSTONE,  
Author of "The Hiding of the Wall," "The Fall of Nineveh,"  
&c., will give a SECOND READING from his unpublished Poem,  
"ISRAEL IN EGYPT," subjects, THE RODS TURNED INTO  
SERPENTS, and THE PLAGUE OF BLOOD.  
The Reading will commence at 8 o'clock, and will occupy an hour  
and three-quarters. Tickets, 2s. each, may be had in the Library.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.**—  
THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the  
WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS IS OPEN DAILY, from Ten till  
Five. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

**THE SIXTH EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY,** at the Gallery of the Society of  
British Artists, Suffolk Street, WAS CLOSED ON MARCH 2.

**BELFAST FINE ART SOCIETY AND**  
EXHIBITION OF MODERN WORKS OF ART.  
1869.

PRESIDENT.—THE LORD DUFFERIN AND CLANBOYNE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Marquis of Donegal.  
Marquis of Londonderry.  
Marquis of Down and Stratford.  
The Lord Bishop of Down and  
Connor and Down.  
Lord Lurgan.  
Sir James Emerson Tennent.

COMMITTEE:

S. G. Fenton.  
William Dunville.  
Charles Layton.  
William Hopton.  
James Moore, M.D.  
John G. Smith.  
Robert Gaffikin.  
Samuel Vance.  
Francis McCracken.  
William Coffey.  
James Magill.  
John Hind.

TREASURER.—James Girdwood, Esq.  
HON. SECRETARY.—W. S. Tracy, Esq.  
SECRETARY.—Samuel Vance, Esq.

The Committee are happy to announce that the Exhibitions of  
Works of Art, which have been unavoidably interrupted for want  
of suitable accommodation, will be resumed this year in THE  
GALLERY, Donegal Place, and will open in the month of April next.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.—Artists will please send their works to  
MR. JOSEPH GREEN, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, London,  
before SATURDAY, 13th MARCH; or to THE GALLERY, Donegal  
Place, Belfast, before SATURDAY, 26th MARCH.

Belfast, 17th February, 1869.

**BRISTOL AND WEST OF ENGLAND ART-UNION, 1869.** (By Royal Authority.) Every Subscriber of  
One Guinea will receive an impression of the large and costly line  
engraving by THOMAS LANDSEER, of

"THE SHEPHERD'S BIBLE."

from the celebrated original picture by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER,  
R.A., in addition to the chance of obtaining a valuable Painting or  
other Work of Art, to be selected from the prizes already secured by  
the Committee.

Fine Impressions of the Plate are now on view, and, with the first  
Price List, may be obtained of the local Agents throughout the  
Country. London Subscribers may be paid to H. Graves & Co.,  
6, Pall Mall.

Art-Union Office, Bristol.

**EXHIBITION OF CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS**  
is re-OPENED in Messrs. ROWNEY & Co.'s Fine Art  
Gallery, 22, Rathbone Place. The collection comprises specimens of their  
beautiful art, after Turner, Stanfield, Roberts, Catmole,  
Mulready, Hunt, Richardson, De Wint, Copley Fielding, Prout, and  
many other eminent artists. Open daily from 11 till 7 o'clock.  
Admission free, on signing the visitor's book.

**AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, HISTORICAL**  
DOCUMENTS, AND IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPTS, some  
on Vellum, well worthy the attention of the Collector.—See  
WALLER'S CATALOGUE, Part 40, just published, 28, Fleet  
Street, E.C., gratis.

**CAUTION.—MONSIEUR LOUIS PHIL. F. DE**  
PORQUET, Author of "Le Trésor," REMOVED to 14, TAVISTOCK  
STREET, COVENT GARDEN.—Please to Observe No. 14,  
as some impostors often assume his name. English and Foreign  
Agency. Lessons at Home and Abroad on his Oral System of  
impairing a knowledge of French.

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Is a thought often occurring to literary minds, public characters,  
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Esq., M.P.

**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN**  
WILKINSON, Auctioneers of Library Property and Works  
illustrative of the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their  
House, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, on MONDAY, the 14th of  
MARCH, 1869, and Two following days, at One o'clock precisely,  
THE VALUABLE LIBRARY OF THE LATE

PRYSE LOVEDEN, ESQ., M.P.,  
Comprising many Valuable Works in English History and General  
Literature, Antiquarian and Topographical Books, Foreign and  
English Theology, and Poetical Works, including the  
second and other editions of Shakespear, an extensive collection of  
Tracts, in Eighty-one Volumes, &c., &c.

May be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had on receipt of four  
shillings.

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**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN**  
WILKINSON, Auctioneers of Library Property and Works  
connected with the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their  
House, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, on MONDAY, MARCH 28th,  
and Seven following days, the extraordinary

### COLLECTION OF VALUABLE MANUSCRIPTS,

Chiefly upon vellum, in various languages of Europe and the East,  
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remarkable specimens of calligraphy, from the earliest ages to the  
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Dublin: JAMES DUFFY, Wellington Quay.  
London: HALL, VINTAGE, & Co., 25, Paternoster Row.

### THE ECLECTIC FOR MARCH

CONTAINS—

1. ON THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS.
2. THE TIMES OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD.
3. THE NEWSPAPER.—DAY AND NIGHT.
4. ON COLOUR BLINDNESS.
5. TOWN AND FOREST. PART III. BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"MARY POWELL."
6. LONDON TO ARRANMORE.
7. GOING UP THE YELLOW RIVER.
8. LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND GOSSIP.
9. LAW REFORM.
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11. NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS, &c.

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### THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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- MINOR CORRESPONDENCE.  
THE ARMS, ARMOUR, AND MILITARY USAGES OF THE  
FOURTEENTH CENTURY.  
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REVIEWS.

*Life and Times of Charles James Fox.* By the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Vol. I. (Bentley.)

We are not among the enthusiastic worshippers of the statesman whose life is now before us. So far are we from being so, that we cannot acquit him of grievous errors against friendship, against patriotism, and against policy. He deserted old connections and formed new ones, either with no regard to principle, or, what is often nearly as bad in a public man, with no regard to appearances. His relations with Burke are either openly condemned or else ignored, even by his present biographer. Nor do we anticipate that in the later stages of his work his lordship will find it possible to defend them. His private excesses were conspicuous when excess was universal; while his India Bill is a standing monument of his political audacity. At the same time we have no doubt that except when goaded by sudden disappointment into conduct that defied consistency, he really endeavoured to act up to those grand old principles which once played a splendid part in the history of our country; and if useless and cumbersome now, like ancient armour, are still venerable. The majestic maxims which were levelled against Bute and North seem as obsolete to ourselves as the equipment of the barons at Runnymede, and we smile at the harmless old gentlemen who occasionally affect them as we might have done at the Eglintoun Tournament or at the man in brass. But in the time of Charles Fox they still had their uses. It is possible that at one time the Whigs may have had as much ground for apprehending an autocrat in George III. as the Tories had for apprehending a Mayor of the Palace in Sir Robert Walpole. Then it was that Fox stood out boldly and brilliantly before the public gaze. His prowess was tremendous. He slashed and hacked his adversaries with extraordinary rapidity and severity. He took large views, and had immense confidence both in the resources of the English nation and the stability of the English aristocracy. Give up America, he would say, and you will derive twice the profit from a grateful ally that you would from an unwilling dependant. He lent his name to the wildest schemes of Reform, which he laughed at in his sleeve, declaring that they could never hurt his order. There was nothing mean or timid in his character; and but for his private vices he would probably have stood nearly at the head of that long list of worthies which Whiggism numbers in its ranks. Making every deduction, however, he was still a great man, and he lived in great times; and although the legion of memoirs and epistolary correspondence relating to this period which have issued from the press during the last twenty years has familiarised us with its character, we still turn with unabated interest to those curious and stormy scenes—to Lord North upon the Treasury Bench, fat, witty, and imperturbable—to Mr. Burke on the opposite ones, now sublimely eloquent, and now hurling a volume at the head of the provoking Premier—to that memorable evening when the snow was on the ground, and the fallen

minister, who had unexpectedly announced his resignation, passed out to the only carriage in waiting through a shivering throng of his enemies, reminding them with a smile "what it was to be in the secret;" we see shortly afterwards the new ministry coming in, looking awkward in their swords and full dresses, to which twelve long years of opposition had made them strangers; and we thrill with excitement as we watch that short but fierce and deadly struggle of 1784, when a young statesman in his twenty-fifth year alone defied the united efforts of Fox and North with a majority of the House of Commons at their back.

Considering then the extraordinary human interest of the subject, as well as its great political importance, we could wish it had fallen into hands more competent to do it justice than Lord John Russell's are. Of a connected and dramatic narrative he has no idea. Of Fox as a man we glean little or nothing from the present volume. It might just as well be a volume of parliamentary debates with foot-notes. Nor would these be adequate to the purpose. They tell us next to nothing of the state of parties when Fox entered public life; nor does his lordship seem capable of rising to any lofty or comprehensive survey of the epoch. We do not wish to find unnecessary fault, but we cannot help adding that the first volume terminates at a very ill-chosen point—the resignation, that is, of Lord Shelburne, instead of carrying us on to the retirement of the Duke of Portland in the following year, and the commencement of Pitt's administration. Even the mere material part, the type, paper, and binding are of an inferior quality; and, all in all, we are quite unable to congratulate Mr. Bentley on this latest product of his craft.

Charles Fox was born in the year 1749, and the few necessary details of his family we may as well give in his lordship's own words:

"Sir Stephen Fox, the father of the first Lord Holland, and the grandfather of Charles James Fox, held several subordinate offices in the reigns of Charles II. and William III. He was of humble origin, owed his introduction at Court to Lord Percy, his promotion to Lord Clarendon, his favour with Charles II. to his punctuality in business, and his rise in the world under different sovereigns to his diligence and integrity. He married a second time at the advanced age of seventy-seven, and by his second marriage had two sons, who were made peers by the titles of Ilchester and Holland. He was by principle a Tory, and by affection a Jacobite.

"Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, was a man of great parts, loose morals, more fond of money than of power, warm in his domestic attachments, jovial in his manners, an able debater, a corrupt politician. Devoted to the party of Sir Robert Walpole, he was, by the favour of the Duke of Newcastle, made Secretary of State, with the lead of the House of Commons. But he was not entrusted with the patronage, and he thought himself unequal to the double task of managing the House of Commons and conducting public affairs in a difficult time. He therefore withdrew to the less conspicuous but lucrative office of Paymaster of the Forces, which in time of war yielded thirty, forty, and even fifty thousand pounds in one year to its fortunate possessor. He married, against the will of her father, Lady Caroline Lennox, the daughter of the Duke of Richmond. The duke's repugnance to this connection has been attributed to family pride, but other reasons may have weighed with him. For Henry Fox had not only been embarrassed in his circumstances, but by his notorious want of principle, as well as of fortune, must have alarmed the parents of a young lady

who was among the noblest and fairest of the land.

"After following Mr. Pitt for some years as Paymaster, Mr. Fox was fixed upon by Lord Bute as the ablest leader he could find to defend the peace of Paris. In order to do this he deserted the Duke of Cumberland, with whom he was then connected, and again became Secretary of State. He has been accused of an extent of corruption and intimidation with a view to obtain a majority for the peace unequalled in the history of the House of Commons. But this is probably an exaggeration. He stipulated for a peerage with the rank of earl as the reward of his success; a barony was given him, but the earldom was withheld. When Lord Bute, being reproached by Mr. Fox with this breach of faith, said, 'It was only a pious fraud,' Lord Holland quickly replied, 'I perceive the fraud, my Lord, but not the piety.' Lord Holland was forced by the Grenville ministry to resign the pay office; the rest of his life was passed in some favour with the Court, but in no ostensible position in office, or in the House of Lords. A singular remark is quoted of his dying hours, which at least shows composure and good humour. 'If Mr. Selwyn calls again,' he said to his servant, 'let him in; if I am alive, I shall be very glad to see him, and, if I am dead, he will be very glad to see me!'"

The "accuser" here alluded to is, we suppose, Lord Macaulay, who, in his second essay on Chatham, observes with characteristic audacity: Bute was made to comprehend that the ministry could be saved only by practising the tactics of Walpole to an extent at which Walpole himself would have stared. The Pay Office was turned into a mart for votes. Hundreds of members were closeted there with Fox, and, as there is too much reason to believe, departed carrying with them the wages of infamy. It was affirmed by persons who had the best opportunities of obtaining information, that twenty-five thousand pounds were thus paid away in a single morning.

In 1758 Fox went to Eton, where he remained till 1764. During this period he visited the continent with his father, and before he was fifteen was familiar with the vices of manhood. After the exciting occupations of gambling at Spa and intriguing at Paris, school life, we should think, must have seemed rather slow, and even Horace a bore. Lord John tells us that on his return he was laughed at by the boys, who probably disbelieved his stories, and soon after flogged by the masters, who found that he neglected his exercises. Yet he was not sufficiently mature or sufficiently sensitive to resent the indignity as some lads would have done; and when he went to Oxford in 1764, the effect of this early dissipation seems in great measure to have vanished. He read hard, mathematics as well as classics, and acquired a thorough familiarity with the latter, to which the simplicity of his style and his numerous and apt allusions sufficiently testify. It was about this time that Fox's mother paid a visit to Lady Chatham, and predicted of William Pitt, then only eight years old, that he would be "a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lived."

Fox left Oxford in 1766, and after travelling about a year and a half returned to England in the autumn of 1768. In the month of May following he was elected for the borough of Midhurst, and took his seat in the House of Commons in the November of that year (p. 10). He made his first speech according to our present author on the 9th of March, 1769, or two months before he was elected! Such is the noble lord's carelessness or inaccuracy (p. 28). But before proceeding with his parliamentary career we will pause upon



the threshold to inquire among what kind of politicians and public men the young orator now found himself.

The king had now been on the throne ten years; and it had taken him exactly that period to consummate the policy to which he had devoted himself. In 1760 the Whigs were divided into three parties, which it was the fashion to call "connections." Of these the party of the Duke of Newcastle, or the Pelham connection, was infinitely the most important. The other two were first the Grenville faction, strong in the individual character of the two brothers, and in the friendship of the "great commoner," their brother-in-law; and secondly, the Bedford faction, or "Bloomsbury gang," consisting principally of a small knot of unprincipled but able and resolute men, such as Weymouth, Sandwich, and Digby. Besides these there were the personal adherents of Pitt, who for the present followed his example in supporting Lord Temple, George Grenville's brother, but were not Whigs at all in the high aristocratic sense; and rather what we should now call Liberals. The chief of these was Lord Shelburne. The Rockingham Whigs were a somewhat later development, and the founders of the modern Whig party.

This complete dislocation of the great Whig body alone enabled George III. to carry out his intentions. The Grenvilles, the Russells, and the Pelhams were jealous of each other, and Pitt was jealous of them all. By judiciously taking advantage of these divisions, the king was able to enjoy a much greater share of power than had fallen to the lot of any English sovereign in the eighteenth century. And though he was several times driven from his position by a combined effort of the oligarchy, yet he always recovered it in the end; and that he was able to maintain Mr. Pitt in office in 1784 is the best proof that he had effected a real and permanent change.

Newcastle, as he was the greatest pillar of the old system, so he was the first to fall irrecoverably under the new one. But the pear was not yet ripe. Bute, who had destroyed him, was in turn compelled to yield to George Grenville, who received for a time the support of the Bedford Whigs. But their own feuds, and the incessant efforts of the king to form an independent party, were enough to prevent any Whig ministry from holding its ground long. George made use of Lord Rockingham to turn out Grenville, whose prosy harangues had wearied him to death, and whose dictatorial insolence he never forgave. But the Rockingham party could not stand alone. Pitt refused to coalesce, because he differed from the marquis on America, and perhaps also because he began to find himself the real master of the situation. Ten years before, he doubtless would have been so. But when his second administration was formed, his intellect was on the wane. He soon began to absent himself from Parliament, and the Government virtually fell into the hands of the Duke of Grafton, the fifth Prime Minister within the space of eight years. Grafton, too, resigned in January, 1770; and then the king's triumph was complete. Lord North became minister, unfettered by "connections," and George III. became king, unfettered by a minister.

No impartial mind can doubt that for the success of his policy the king was mainly indebted to the Whigs themselves. The unanswerable proof, afforded by the mere

personal nature of their feuds, that they were no longer devoted to the furtherance of great principles, but were wrangling only over the distribution of the plunder, must have disgusted the purer and better part of both Parliament and the nation; while practical members of the former must have begun to ask themselves what was to be gained by supporting a party which could not guarantee them office for two sessions together. Wedderburne was an instance of the latter sort of men; the majority of the country gentlemen of the former.

It was just at this moment that Fox entered Parliament, and within a month of Lord North's elevation became one of the Lords of the Admiralty. Lord John Russell attributes this conduct to a perverse admiration of the Court. We should rather attribute it to a natural aversion for the Whigs. Nothing is more likely than that a young man of Fox's temperament should catch up eagerly all that was either novel or noble in the Tory system; and that there was something of each in it is obvious. If Fox was, as Lord John Russell thinks, an imitator of Lord Bolingbroke in private life, nothing is more probable than that he should for a while have been captivated by the splendid phantasy of "a patriot king." George III. had a good share of native sagacity, as events had most thoroughly proved, but he was the last man in his kingdom to comprehend a character like Fox. When a youthful politician, of his rank and genius, had once stated in Parliament that Lord North was "a Minister whose general conduct he so much approved, and whose political principles he admired; a Minister who, with unexampled resolution, had stood forth in the most critical and dangerous moment to free his country from that anarchy and confusion into which it was about to be plunged by factious and ill-designing men;" everything else should have been given unto him. In dismissing Mr. Fox for an obnoxious vote, we are not certain that George III. did not lose a valuable and lasting adherent, as he certainly made for himself a bitter and uncompromising enemy.

The immediate cause and manner of Fox's dismissal was in this wise, though he had previously given offence by his motion on the Royal Marriage Bill:

"Within little more than a year of his acceptance of office, on a question of committing Woodfall the printer to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Fox burst out against the Press and the City, and moved that Woodfall be committed to Newgate. Lord North promised his support, tried to retract, owned himself bound to vote with Fox if he persisted, and finally was dragged off by his junior Lord of the Treasury in a minority of 68 to 152. The King noticed the transaction in the following terms:—

"I am greatly incensed at the presumption of Charles Fox in forcing you to vote with him last night; but approve much of your making your friends vote in the majority. Indeed, that young man has so thoroughly cast off every principle of common honour and honesty, that he must become as contemptible as he is odious. I hope you will let him know that you are not insensible of his conduct towards you."

"On the 24th of February, Charles Fox was dismissed from the Board of Treasury. It is said that on this occasion Lord North wrote him the following laconic note: 'His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name.—NORTH.'"

Lord North was now at the head of what

at the present day is so much talked of and so little understood, "a strong government." But "a strong government," says Lord John, "which overleaps wisdom and violates justice, is one of the worst evils that can befall a country." He here, however, falls into the identical fallacy which had betrayed Bolingbroke in the treatise already mentioned. For who is to determine what wisdom and justice are? But to proceed—Fox's attitude towards the American war was sensible and consistent throughout. He was clear of all the miserable intrigues and contradictory legislation of the previous ten years. He had taken no part in the ill-judged Stamp Act of Grenville, or the futile compromise of Rockingham; who at once irritated the colonists by his Declaratory Act, and emboldened them by yielding everything which made the Declaration real. This was the shoal upon which the Rockingham Cabinet was wrecked. Mr. Pitt, who had joined this party in their opposition to the Stamp Act, refused his adhesion to the new ministry unless the principle of taxation were surrendered. But here Burke and Rockingham were inexorable, and matters were left to take their course. Fox, however, was unencumbered by any of these reminiscences. And it may be that the comparatively free line he was enabled to take upon this question, no less than the influence which his superior debating power had acquired for him, may have conducted to the high position which he occupied at the dissolution of the North administration. There can be no doubt, however, of the injury then done to Mr. Burke, though at the time he bore up against it nobly. It is in vain for "the Revolution Families" to try to shake off the stigma which their treatment of this illustrious man has fixed upon them. It may be that Burke's exclusion from the second Chatham administration was principally owing to Chatham himself. But then after all he was not the man to have promoted him. He belonged to a different school of politicians. But why was not Burke higher in Lord Rockingham's own cabinet in '66, and again in '82? Why was he permitted to sink into the back-ground during the later days of the North administration, and actually "distrusted" (p. 176) by his friends, though he was almost the only statesman of mark who from his entrance into political life had been true to one party? Lord John Russell admits, though apparently with some idea that it is still an open question, that Rockingham would have done well in 1782 to have given Burke a seat in the cabinet; and complementally adds, "that with Mr. Fox for his leader, he might soon have learned the necessary caution." But is this the way to speak of a man who had been the Saviour of the whole Whig party, and who elsewhere is entitled by Lord John himself, "the pastor and master of Mr. Fox?" No doubt there was in Burke a deficiency of the practical element. No doubt he resembled too much a man of war among gun-boats, where gun-boats are the most efficient. He could not condescend to the difficulties of ordinary minds; and, when they lagged behind him, was apt to grow angry and contemptuous. "Burke," said Fox himself, at a later period, "was often right, but then he was right too soon;" a fault which, of all others, is the most damaging under a system of representative government. Still for all this, and twice as much as all this, the splendid services which Burke had rendered to his party

were a full equivalent. Nor did they sufficiently consider how much of this very irritability and violence was due to the neglect and ingratitude of those, whose pride it should have been to share his confidence, to aid in his advancement, and to win his love.

Violence, however, in those days was not confined to Edmund Burke, as witness the following:

"Mr. Fox had made a vehement attack on Mr. Adam, who had changed from the Opposition to the Ministerial side, and had given as a reason for his change, that, although the Ministers were not very competent, no persons more competent were to be found among their opponents. Mr. Fox confounding mental power with moral rectitude, described the Minister as turning round on his new defender and saying to him, 'Begone! begone, wretch! who delightest in libelling mankind, confounding virtue and vice, and insulting the man whom thou pretendest to defend, by saying to his face that he certainly is infamous, but that there are others still more so.'

Mr. Adam having in vain endeavoured to obtain an explanation of this speech from Mr. Fox, to be inserted in the newspapers, sent Major Humberston to arrange the particulars of a hostile meeting. The meeting accordingly took place in Hyde Park, at eight o'clock in the morning of the 29th of November. After the ground had been measured Mr. Adam desired Mr. Fox to fire, to which Mr. Fox replied: 'Sir, I have no quarrel with you, do you fire.' Mr. Adam fired; Mr. Fox then fired without effect. Upon this the seconds, Colonel Fitz-Patrick and Major Humberston, interfered, asking Mr. Adam if he was satisfied. Mr. Adam replied: 'Will Mr. Fox declare he meant no personal attack upon my character?' Upon which Mr. Fox said: 'This was no place for apologies,' and desired Mr. Adam to go on. Mr. Adam fired his second pistol without effect. Mr. Fox fired his remaining pistol in the air, and said that, as the affair was ended, he had no difficulty in declaring he meant no more personal affront to Mr. Adam than he did to either of the other gentlemen present. Mr. Adam replied: 'Sir, you have behaved like a man of honour.' Mr. Fox then mentioned that he believed himself wounded. On opening his waistcoat, it was found that Mr. Adam's first ball had taken effect, but that the wound was very slight. The wits of Opposition said that Mr. Adam had used Government powder, notorious for being deficient in strength. No men were better friends in after life than Mr. Fox and Mr. Adam. Mr. Adam had that openness of temper and cordiality of disposition which peculiarly suited Mr. Fox. Indeed, of all Lord North's adherents, he and Lord North's son were singular in remaining faithful to Mr. Fox during the French war."

The "Parliamentary sense" of the English language can be stretched no further than this—the wretch who delights in libelling mankind and confounding virtue and vice, is told that no personal affront is intended to him. It is only in Parliament that he is supposed to indulge himself in these his favourite amusements. We do not think the man who used these words had much right to insinuate a want of caution or courtesy in other people.

The American War, as is well known, broke down Lord North's administration. On the 20th of March, 1782, his resignation took place, and was followed by eighteen months of Parliamentary confusion, till the sceptre was finally grasped by the firm hand of William Pitt. The first administration was of course headed by Lord Rockingham, with Shelburne and Fox as Secretaries of State, and Burke nowhere. Fox and Shelburne early began to differ, the latter being honoured with more of the royal confidence than was agreeable to his colleague, besides

being detected in carrying on a separate correspondence with the French Court, in relation to the Peace of Versailles. In July, Lord Rockingham died, and then these half-smothered animosities burst out into a flame. The king and his party insisted on making Lord Shelburne Premier, and Fox and his party at once went into Opposition. Shelburne made Pitt, then only twenty-four, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and prepared to encounter the formidable coalition which Fox had unwisely effected with his old Tory friend Lord North. Of this transaction Lord John Russell speaks as follows:

"Thus easily and smoothly was made that coalition which in the first place overthrew Lord Shelburne's administration; next destroyed that large and extensive popularity which Mr. Fox at that time enjoyed; and finally ruined the Whig party."

Lord North, it is clear, from our present author's language, surrendered none of his principles in the union. "He was," says Lord John, and we are left to conclude he continued so, "an honourable and consistent Tory." Yet there is this much to be said in favour of Fox, that unless he was uttering a deliberate falsehood in 1772, he then admired the domestic principles of Lord North, nor did his subsequent opposition to the American War militate against a continued approval of them. It is very possible that Fox's language on this topic often expressed more than he meant. Burke was convinced to the last that Fox's fine taste alone must have secretly disgusted him with the French Revolution. As we have already stated, he laughed at Radicalism; and he belonged not to those grand territorial magnates, whose traditions kept them Whigs, even if their reason or their taste bade them doubt. On the other hand, North was, as Lord John Russell states, "a man of honour and integrity, kind and liberal in his temper, without religious bigotry or personal rancour." The two men were personally well enough adapted to each other; and if Fox reaped a harvest of odium from the coalition, of which he never again lost the taint, he had perhaps little to blame so much as those intemperate invectives (1772-82), for which Burke, forsooth, was excluded from the Cabinet. One thing, however, is quite certain, he could not have been sincere in both,—both in his former opposition and his present adhesion to Lord North; and on the latter occasion his conduct certainly seems to have flowed from mortified ambition and vanity, rather than from any higher source.

On the 21st of February, 1783, a motion censuring the Treaty of Versailles was carried against the ministry by a majority of 17, and Lord Shelburne at once resigned. He was the king's favourite minister, and with all our high opinion of Lord North's character, we cannot but regret that he should have taken so prominent a part in thwarting the personal wishes of the sovereign, who, whatever his public errors, had invariably treated himself with marked confidence and kindness. Nor was the occasion one which demanded the sacrifice of such sentiments. For the Peace which he joined in condemning he was virtually answerable himself, and the minister he helped to overthrow was the representative of the very same system which for twelve years he had administered. Had eleven short months been enough to convince him of his error, it would at least have been wise not to discredit his conversion by so hasty an attempt to resume the power he had lost. The coalition in fact was

from one point of view or other disgraceful to all parties, and ended as it justly deserved to do, after a short-lived gleam of sunshine, in the complete discomfiture of its authors.

The history of the Portland administration which was forced upon the king by the victorious coalition is not given in this volume. It lasted, as our readers may remember, but a few months, being followed by the summons of young William Pitt to the councils of the crown with the two offices of Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer united in his own person. Of the memorable contest which the ensuing session witnessed—of the fourteen successive divisions in which the minister of the crown faced the hostile majority of the Commons till he finally reduced it to one—of the curious spectacle but rarely if ever before afforded in this country, of the king, the House of Lords, and the people, united against the representative assembly—of the petitions that poured in from London and the other great towns, indicative of sympathy with their sovereign, and his young and heroic minister—and of the final triumph which secured to this country a stable administration of twenty years—we shall read hereafter. And we think we can promise ourselves that Lord John Russell has sufficient sympathy with the great qualities displayed by his political opponents during that period, to warrant us in expecting an impartial and conscientious, if neither a fervid nor a brilliant, narrative.

*Memoirs of the Court of George IV. 1820 to 1830. From Original Family Documents. By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. K.G. Two Volumes. (Hurst & Blackett.)*

Few men can, and none need know, the history of their own time. That is a branch of knowledge in which ignorance is general, and because general, excusable. The persons and events that agitated the world one or two thousand years since are expected to be familiar to every well-educated man; even a knowledge of modern history, say up to the commencement of this century, is considered a necessary, if not an indispensable item in the stock-in-trade of all who would take their stand in society. The name of Guy Fawkes is familiar as a household word; but even the well-bred among the younger generation are excused for ignoring the name and crime of Thistlewood. A knowledge of the Rye House plot is imperative; ignorance of the Cato Street conspiracy is a venial offence. Attempts have been made to explain this patent anomaly by a reference to the laws of perspective. We look down upon the distant past which lies at our feet, and at a glance take in the grouping of statesmen, the headlong course of great conquerors, the mighty sweep of armies, and the onset, the rush, the triumph, and the downfall of contending nations. A great deal may be said in favour of this pictorial explanation; but after the most far-fetched similes, a good deal remains unexplained. We, who are not landscape painters, hold that up to a certain period the raw material of history has been prepared and cut up and dried for the use of the million. The pith of State Papers and chronicles and, in due time, of newspapers and private letters and memoirs has been collected; dates have been verified; facts analysed and properly ranged and brought to bear upon persons and events, by a careful collation of



evidence and a minute comparison of authorities. While after that period, history is not only crude, but also incomplete. Its component elements are still buried in the portfolios of diplomatists and the confidential correspondence of the wives, aunts, sisters, or others that are near and dear to generals, ministers, and reigning princes. We, for instance, in this generation, are blundering in the mazes of the Italian question, which with all its hidden motives and secret springs and unmentionable mysteries will be as clear as daylight to the men of 1859, whose libraries will be loaded with the Palmerston Correspondence, the Memoirs of Lord John Russell, the Life of Count Cavour, and the Secret Memoirs of the Court of Napoleon III. It is much the same with the time which some of us have lived through, and of which the young men under thirty know nothing whatever, except the few doubtful and dirty anecdotes which they have gathered from club gossip and after-dinner conversation. The publication of the materials for the history of that time is just commencing, and the Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Court of George IV." is an instalment of that tribute of truth which the Past pays to the Future.

There are plenty of memoirs, there are heaps of letters already published, which, at least in part, bear upon the period from the termination of the Regency to the death of the last of the Georges. But these sources of information are not altogether to be trusted. They contain truth, but not the whole truth. The editors had to consult too many feelings, to spare too many susceptibilities to do justice to history. They had to suppress letters and portions of letters which were held to be offensive to their contemporaries. On the whole the early publication of such materials for history is strongly to be deprecated. It leads to their emasculation, and with a Vandalism of sentimental conceit, the passages thus suppressed are generally destroyed. We need not quote examples. Every man of any range of reading must at once remember numbers of cases in which the too early publication of private histories and letters led to the expurgation and the loss of most striking, characteristic, and consequently, of most valuable documents.

These remarks apply in part to the Buckingham "Memoirs." We apprehend that some portions of them will prove offensive to the immediate descendants of persons whose names prominently figure in some of the letters addressed to the noble duke's father. On the other hand, while these volumes bear no trace of omissions, we cannot help suspecting that a good many letters which would be perfectly harmless twenty years hence, have been suppressed from a sentiment of deference to the feelings of living men and women. Our suspicion is strengthened by the utter absence of local colouring, the peculiar neutral tint which marks the later portion of the correspondence. It appears impossible for any class of men to exclude from their letters all allusion to the events and scandals of the day, and to confine themselves, month after month and year after year, to the discussion of the same dreary jobs. Even monomaniacs, such as domino-players, have their lucid intervals, when wearied with their efforts to convert themselves into calculating machines, they take notice of what is being said and done by those who surround them.

The noble duke's work, such as it is, consists of two distinct portions: an explanatory

and expletive narrative copiously interlarded with long quotations from Knighton's "Memoirs," Alison's "History of Europe," Twiss's "Life of Lord Eldon," Pellew's "Life of Lord Sidmouth," and Phipps's "Memoirs of R. Plumer Ward," and of letters addressed to the Marquis and afterwards Duke of Buckingham, chiefly by Dr. Phillimore, the Grenvilles, Mr. Charles W. Wynn, Mr. W. H. Fremantle, the Marquis Wellesley, and the Duke of Wellington. The narrative and the letters together touch upon all the leading events, from the accession of George IV. to his death—but the chief portions of interest are to be found in the narrative, and these again in the extracts from the works we have enumerated, which are accessible to every subscriber at Mudie's. The correspondence as given is singularly dry and dreary, and if a selection has been made, that selection was a most unfortunate one. Three-fourths at least of the letters are devoted to petty official jobs. Henry is to get this, and Charles ought to have that, and such a man is to be a privy councillor, and another man cannot be relied on unless such and such a thing be done for him—and all this about third and fourth-rate politicians, and hangers-on to the political parties of the time. Surely the world would lose nothing by the suppression of all this mercantile portion of the correspondence. *Il faut laver son linge sale en famille* applies not only to quarrels, but also to other transactions which now and then take place in the most distinguished families.

The ten years, whose most memorable events present themselves to the mind of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos chiefly in their bearings upon ministerial combinations, form in many respects one of the saddest and most instructive periods in the modern history of England. The paroxysm of fear and frenzy, which for twenty years had strained the nerves and dried up the juices of the body politic, was over. The exaltation of triumph had passed away, and the State, exhausted and languid, was a prey to the low fever of disappointment, varied at times with spasmodic fits of discontent. A political party, anxious to assume the conduct of affairs at any price, was making capital of the real and imaginary grievances of the lower classes. The whole nation joined in a cordial detestation of the king, and those who sought to use that feeling in aid of their own selfish purposes laboured hard, and in many instances successfully, to direct a portion of that hatred upon the ministers of the day. The most violent demonstrations were made against Government. Attempts were made to kill the ministers at a Cabinet dinner. The Foot Guards were tampered with by the rioters of London, and one regiment, which was notoriously disaffected, had to be sent to Portsmouth. A mob attacked Lord Exmouth's house; the Duke of Wellington, and Lords Sidmouth and Eldon, who happened to drive past at the time, were in imminent danger. Lord Sidmouth never drove out without a case of loaded pistols on the seat of his carriage, and whenever the ministers appeared, they drew after them a mob of the most reckless and profligate, who pelted them with rotten apples, cabbage-stalks, and dead rats. The middle and upper classes, instead of rallying round a government thus threatened by the lowest and most dangerous portion of the community, stood aloof, partly from apathy, partly from cowardice, and partly because they shrank almost instinctively from any

act which might be construed as favourable to the king. It was as if the Londoners of 1848, instead of supporting the cause of law and order, had left the government to the mercy of Mr. Fergus O'Connor and his Chartists. The Duke of Wellington, in his rapid and concise manner, stated the case as forcibly as truly when he said, "All seem struck with panic; and if the country is lost, it will be through our own cowardice. Audacity and insolence on one side, and tameness on ours. We go to the House seeming on purpose to be insulted. The Opposition know it, and act accordingly."

The dangers of the time were increased by the intervention of a fresh source of mischief—Queen Caroline, who, although with more than suspicion hanging over her head, hastened to England to claim her right to the throne of a man who could hardly be considered her husband. His estrangement from her, the aversion he had manifested from the first moment of their ill-assorted marriage, was the only excuse the unfortunate woman could plead for her errors, and that excuse she voluntarily resigned, by again forcing herself upon a man, with whom, had she been as proud as she was vain, she would have scorned to have anything in common. The announcement of her journey to England and the news of her demands for a regal reception caused "a great sensation." "Great bets," says Lord Eldon, "are laid about it. Some people have taken 50 guineas, undertaking in lieu of them to pay a guinea a day till she comes." 50,000*l.* a year were offered if she would consent to play the Queen of England at some continental court. She in her turn demanded a palace in London, a frigate, and the restoration of her name to the Church service. Nothing short of the prayers of the faithful would satisfy her craving for worldly distinction. Mr. Wilberforce, with characteristic indulgence, admired her "for her spirit, though I fear she has been very profligate." Her arrival in London was the signal for a popular ovation, "more out of hatred to the king," says Lord Dudley, "than out of regard for her." For many weeks the stout lady in the hat and feathers was the favourite of the populace, and Alderman Wood's house in South Audley Street, where she had taken up her quarters, was at all hours of the day surrounded by a mob of noisy king-haters. Mr. Wilberforce, in a letter to Hannah More, recounts their proceedings:

"A most shabby assemblage of quite the lowest of the people, who every now and then kept calling out 'Queen! Queen!' and several times, once in about a quarter of an hour, she came out of one window of a balcony and Alderman Wood at the other."

At which the crowd cheered prodigiously. When her trial was decided upon, this misguided woman, determined to brazen it out at all hazards, threatened to come daily to Westminster Hall in "a coach and six in high style," and she also insisted on being present at the coronation:

"She has written to the king," says Mr. Th. Grenville, "when and in what dress she should appear at the coronation." I presume the answer will be: in a white sheet, in the middle aisle of the Abbey."

The strictest orders were given for her exclusion, but still she came, and among the extraordinary and disgraceful scenes of the time is that of a Queen of England "trying every door of the Abbey and the Hall," and



reputed by the officers in charge. She died of that coronation.

In those portions of the two volumes for which the public is indebted to the Duke of Buckingham, his Grace labours hard, but not successfully, to redeem a portion at least of the king's character in popular estimation. But alas! all he can do is to give us words unsupported by facts. His witnesses speak against him. The few letters in this collection which are not devoted to jobbery, contain damaging statements respecting the king, his character, and his pursuits. The duke attempts to disprove the charge of unseemly exultation, imputed to the regent on the death of George III., and quotes Knighton's Memoirs to show that the prince, ill himself at the time, "received the news of his father's death with a burst of grief that was very affecting." That the regent had the power at a very short notice to work himself up into bursts of various kinds, into ebullitions of feelings, violent in their demonstrations and transient in their nature, is amply shown by many portions of Mrs. Fitzherbert's Memoirs. The slightest gust of wind could ruffle that shallow piece of water, but the mud at the bottom remained unmoved. Nor does the assurance that "he was quite unable to be present at the funeral, and that the Duke of York acted as chief mourner," carry conviction with it. In another portion of these volumes will be found a very neat little story of how the king, wearied and disgusted with the excessive loyalty of his Hanoverian subjects, shammed serious indisposition, and thereby escaped the bitter cup of municipal addresses, and the visitation of young ladies in white muslin. A burst of grief, similar to that which was paid to the memory of George III., was provoked by the death of a child, the young Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Clarence, which, thus writes the king to Sir W. Knighton, "overset me beyond all I can express to you." This susceptibility, this state of "oversement," is by no means a rare characteristic of elderly men, with a keen appreciation of the good things of this world, and a proportionate dislike of the great change which must come for us all. Examples are on record of men, in purple and fine linen, who were so much "overset" by the news of any death, even that of a stranger or an enemy, that their servants and friends did not like to mention such occurrences. Prince Kaunitz, if we recollect right, was even more amiable and sympathetic than George IV. The news of a death, no matter whose, afflicted him for many days, and so well was this refinement of sentiment understood by his dependents, that his best friends died and were buried, while the minister in happy ignorance imagined they had gone out of town. At times, indeed, he would insist on hearing news of men whom he had been in the daily habit of seeing. "When did Count Clam call last? How is it I never see him?" And then came the reluctant answer: "Count Clam is no longer among us;" which, as might be expected, "overset" the prince beyond anything he could express.

It appears from the correspondence, that shortly after his accession the king retired to the Cottage at Windsor, most probably the better to nurse his grief. Even before leaving town he lived in the strictest seclusion. "The king," says Mr. W. H. Fremantle,

"never shows himself. He has never been out of Carlton House. Lady Conyngham goes to him of an evening, and he has his usual dinners with Sir Carnaby Haggerston, Forester, and two or three of this description. His language is only about the coronation and Lady Conyngham: very little of the state of the country." Lady Conyngham, the "*regnante*," is strongly animadverted upon by the Duke of Wellington: "the situation in which she is now placed is one she has been seeking for twenty years, and her whole object is patronage, and patronage only."

As for doings at the "Cottage," listen to Mr. Fremantle:

"The K— has been in this neighbourhood for the last fortnight, living in the greatest retirement; his party consisting of very few—the principal object of course the Lady C—, who is here. They ride every day, or go on the water, or drive in a barouche; the K— and her always together, separated from the rest, and in the evening sitting alone apart. I have heard of the Esterhazy (who called on a friend here, and said the evenings were *triste à mourir*), no cards, no books, no amusement or employment of any kind; Sir Benjamin and Lady Bloomfield, Lord C—, Nagle, Thornton, Keppel, and one or two more; I believe the Warwicks, for two days; the Duke of Dorset. The secrecy that is preserved as to their pursuits is beyond all idea; no servant is permitted to say who is there; no one of the party calls on anybody, or goes near Windsor; and when they ride, a groom is in advance, ordering everybody to retire, for 'the K— is coming.' The private rides are of course avoided by the neighbours, so that in fact you know almost as much of what is going on as I do, excepting that the excess of his attentions and enjoyment is beyond belief."

In this rustic retreat the affairs of State were not altogether abandoned. "The King has hourly messengers, that is, dragoons, who are posted on the road by dozens;" and who were doubtless of great assistance to the king in his endeavours to gratify the country with the spectacle of a well-conducted coronation. At all events, we learn that his Majesty was "perfectly absorbed in all petty arrangements of dress, seats, &c." The Duke of Wellington complains of the king's yielding disposition, and the encroachments of the Anglesey family, since "there are not less than five Pagets named for situations at the coronation."

Another instance of the king's good feeling, according to the Duke of Buckingham, is to be found in the fact, that the queen's death actually stopped him in his journey to Ireland; and that, with an extreme regard for "decency and decorum," the progress was delayed for a few days. We leave the rest to that dangerous historian, Mr. Fremantle:

"The passage to Dublin was occupied in eating goose-pie and drinking whiskey, in which his Majesty partook most abundantly, singing many joyous songs, and being in a state on his arrival, to double in sight even the numbers of his gracious subjects assembled on the pier to receive him. The fact was that they were in the last stage of intoxication. Lady C. has been almost constantly at the Phoenix Park."

And further on:

"The king wrote to the Duchess of Gloucester from Dublin, full of joy, and happiness, and spirits. Not a soul in Ireland in mourning."

So much for propriety and decorum. A few words more on the king and the *regnante* will complete the picture, and show how they managed these matters in 1821:

"I never in my life heard of anything like the

king's infatuation and conduct towards Lady C. She lived exclusively with him during the whole time he was in Ireland at the Phoenix Park. When he went to Slane she received him dressed out as for a drawing-room. He saluted her, and they then retired alone to her apartments. I hear the Irish are outrageously jealous of her, and though courting her to the greatest degree, are loud in their indignation at Lord C."

On his return from Ireland, the king fell in with Lord and Lady Harcourt, to whom he recounted all his perilous adventures, and his flattering reception in Ireland. "Lady Harcourt," writes Mr. Fremantle, "told me his pious acknowledgments for his great escape of being shipwrecked was quite edifying, and the very great change in his moral habits and religious feelings were quite astonishing, and all owing to Lady C."

The italics are ours, not Mr. Fremantle's. Great must have been the joy of this Lady Harcourt at witnessing the revival of her sovereign and listening to the devout discourses of this brand snatched from the burning, who put away all his former uncleanness for goose-pie, whiskey, and Lady C. To complete the picture of this guardian angel, we may add that on the king's journey to Hanover, she had him escorted by her husband and her two sons, who were to act as *gardes d'honneur*, and that when the king's remarriage was in question, she strove hard to gain his Majesty for her daughter, and sacrifice her affection on the altar of maternal love.

*Memoirs to Illustrate the History of my Time. (Mémoires, &c.)* By F. Guizot. Vol. II. (Bentley, London; Lévy Frères, Paris.)

THE first volume of these memoirs carried us from the beginning of the Hundred Days to the fatal Ordonnances of July. The second opens on the 26th of July—the eve of the famous Three Days, which drove the elder branch from the throne, and gave the crown to the Citizen King. Seldom was a revolution more suddenly effected; though indeed the later essays of France in that branch of political thaumaturgy have been still more rapid; for the revolution of '48 took but as many hours to begin and complete, and the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December was accomplished between daylight and dark. "In the present day, and with us, each important political struggle resolves itself into a question of life and death. People and parties, in their blind excitement, rush on the instant to the last extremes; resistance suddenly transforms itself into insurrection, and insurrection into revolution. Every storm becomes the deluge." This is Guizot's own summary of the modern revolutionary process, so unlike the old deliberate measuring of rebel strength and royalist forces—the old beleaguering of disaffected towns and surrendering of loyal fortresses—the old pitched battles, which decided the fate of empires and sealed the destinies of kings. Modern centralisation at the least renders a revolution both more easy and less bloody, and Paris has taken full advantage of her facilities.

Guizot is a loyalist, and the two branches found him equally faithful and devoted; but even he, polished, calculating, and courtier-like as he is, shows his contempt for "the inert royalty at Saint Cloud," which opposed "etiquette, precedence, counter-sign," and "the king's repose" to all the energetic or legal measures which the legitimists would have taken to subdue the

"boiling revolution at Paris." When pressed to dismiss the Polignac cabinet, repeal the ordinances, and appoint M. de Mortemart first minister, the king, "at once tranquil and irritated, obstinate and hesitating," struggled madly against the necessities of the situation; and even when brought to yield, delayed his signature and restricted his assent, so that his concessions obtained no grace and his humiliation secured no salvation. Feeling that there was at Saint Cloud no "power capable of acting, or of even parleying with the country," the deputies, actually present, sent a requisition to the Duke of Orleans, desiring him "to repair to the capital and there assume the functions of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom." Three only of the deputies refused to sign, rightly considering this step decisive of a change of dynasty; and Guizot himself would, if he could, have combined the not excessive liberties which the people demanded with the maintenance of the present monarchy, and the reduction of the Bourbon mind within the limits of constitutionalism. But the old Bourbon had become a political fossil, an effete creation, a governmental archaism, a mere machine grinding out an extinct language, and the compromise was impossible. The king and the dauphin abdicated; which was almost the only sign of political wisdom they ever showed; and the choice remained now "between a new monarchy and the republic, between the Duke of Orleans and M. de La Fayette." "General," said his grandson-in-law, M. de Rémusat, to the latter, when he called upon him at the Hôtel de Ville, "if a monarchy is proclaimed, the Duke of Orleans will be king; if a republic, you will be the president. Take upon yourself the responsibility of the republic." La Fayette was unambitious and unselfish. He declined the dangerous honour, and the son of Philippe Egalité mounted the throne. M. Guizot, under the guise of justice, is scarcely fair to La Fayette. His little sketch of him is too exclusively "Grandison-Cromwell" to be wholly true:

"M. de La Fayette assumed more hesitation than he really felt. Nobly disinterested, although relying much on his own views, and almost as fearful of responsibility as enamoured of popularity, it gratified him more to treat for and in the name of the people, than to aspire to the government in his own person. That a republic under his presidency should be formed, he looked upon as a possible chance, if he wished to promote it; and also that no monarchy should be established except under his consent, and on the condition of resembling a republic. Either alternative would satisfy his wishes; I will not say ambition, for ambition he had none. M. de La Fayette desired to be the popular patron of the Duke of Orleans, and not his rival."

His estimate of Louis Philippe, the promoter of the Spanish marriages, the steady corrupter of the Chambers, and the general huckster for all that was venal in France, is more generous. Does so much virtue, then, lie beneath the ermine, M. Guizot, which cannot be found under the soldier's simple uniform?

"Many will disbelieve me, and yet I do not hesitate to affirm that the Duke of Orleans was also unambitious. Moderate and prudent, notwithstanding the activity of his mind, and the changeable vivacity of his impressions, he had long foreseen the chance which might elevate him to the throne, but without seeking it, and more disposed to dread than desire its fulfilment. After the long calamities of emigration, and the recent

trial of the Hundred Days, one predominant idea possessed him:—he was determined not to be again and necessarily involved in the errors which the elder branch of his house might commit, and in the consequences to which those errors might lead. On the 31st of May, 1830, he gave a fête at the Palais Royal to his brother-in-law, the King of Naples, who had arrived in Paris a few days before. Charles X. and all the royal family were present; the display of magnificence was great, the assembly brilliant and animated. 'Monseigneur,' said M. de Salvandy to the Duke of Orleans, as he passed near him, 'this is truly a Neapolitan festival; we are dancing on a volcano.' 'Be it so,' replied the Duke; 'I think with you; but at least the fault is not mine; I shall not have to reproach myself with making no effort to open the eyes of the king. But what am I to do? Nothing is listened to. Heaven only knows where they will be in six months! But I well know where I shall be. Under any circumstances, my family and I remain in this palace. No matter what danger may arise, I shall not stir from hence. I will never separate my own lot and that of my children from the fate of the country. Such is my fixed determination.' This thought had held the foremost place in the conduct of the Duke of Orleans through the whole course of the Restoration; he was equally decided not to become a conspirator or a victim. At that time I was completely a stranger to him. Before 1830 I had only seen him twice accidentally. I was unable to appreciate the different sentiments which might have occupied his mind; but after having for so many years had the honour of serving him, I retain a conviction that, if it had rested with him to consolidate the Restoration definitively, he would have preferred without hesitation, for himself and family as for France, the security of that future to the perspective which a new revolution might open to him."

There was but little that was dramatic in this change of sovereigns. Constitutionalism and the bourgeoisie are never picturesque. But here and there a vivid flash of old loyalist fire lighted up the grey legalism of the Chambers; and few speeches in history are more touching or effective than the lofty threnody which Fitz-James pronounced for the fall of the ancient House. It reads like a bit of Cavalier devotion, at the time when to be a Jacobite was to be a martyr; and though one grieves to see so much love thrown away on such a master, one is none the less impressed by the steadfast fidelity that stood by its colours in a time of defeat, perhaps of danger. Striking, too, is the account of how the deputies went down, hand in hand, to the Hôtel de Ville; serried into "two moving hedges" for the better protection of the Duke of Orleans, whom they were escorting there to present, as Lieutenant-General of France, to La Fayette and the National Guard. All Paris met them on the quay of the Louvre; a dense crowd surrounding and pressing on them, till they swayed and faltered in their ranks: while at every step loud voices demanded "who was that mounted gentleman? and, was he a general? or, was he a prince?" one woman crying shrilly, "I hope he is not a Bourbon!" The crowd continued with them thus to the Place de Grève, not hostile nor menacing, but excited and indefinite; some dancing for a joy that had no root or cause, others singing La Marseillaise, that dangerous and seductive song which has so often lured France on to crime, and fed her passionate desire for a freedom which no man has yet fulfilled, and almost all her leaders have betrayed.

The duke's lieutenant-generalship was confessedly provisional. It lasted only from the 31st of July to the 9th of August; on which date he accepted the crown and swore

fidelity to the charter, and the glory of the enthroned bourgeoisie was complete. By his own showing, Guizot did not stir much in the initiatory movements of this change; but when Louis Philippe fairly took the reins he was nominated Minister of the Interior, a post, however, held but for a few months, for in November he went out on the question of the trial of the Polignac ministry, and the menacing attitude of the clubs. And here, perhaps, is the proper place to notice Guizot's manner of speaking of the various political actions in which he was engaged: which manner is chiefly remarkable for its total ignoring of all life, right, or power of the people. He might have been a minister under Louis XIV., or have subscribed to the famous "*L'Etat c'est moi!*" for any recognition to be got from him of popular influence or working. With him it is simply a change of dynasty, a substitution of names, the overthrow of cabinets, the retirement of one minister and the appointment of another: never the history of the passions, the principles, or the struggles of classes. Insurrection and tumult come from "women," "children," "dreamers;" but of the tremendous leverage or the vital forces of the people, up and striving for their rights, we have not a word, not a trace. It is this which gives his Memoirs such a mutilated aspect, which makes them the mere chronicles of a court or a bureaucracy, and strikes out all the light from his pictures. It is this, too, which makes him so insolently unjust to the popular leaders, and so contemptuous of popular movements. Not a drop of Guizot's blood is democratic, or can feel for the workings of the democratic element. Yet what we want, in every faithful history of France, is the presence of the earnest, faithful, rugged democrat, in his blouse and Phrygian cap, who smote the senate and the throne, and shook the place-men from their seats as a sheaf of corn is shaken in the wind. That man was France. Master in '89, he has been the one disturbing, if not dominant, power ever since; and a history which passes him by, to detail at length ministerial crises and diplomatic difficulties, is a history of fractional parties only, but not of forces or of men. This is the one distinctive want of Guizot's book,—the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out.

The fall of Charles X. roused no second La Vendée. A rumour got abroad that La Rochejacquin indeed had gone to La Vendée to promote an insurrection in his favour, but the Marquis wrote to the papers a contradiction, stating that he and the Marchioness were living near Paris, very quiet and quite passive. The army, too, was forward in its loyalty to its new possessor, and the only peril awaiting the old king's flight from France was assumed to be from the republicans and insurgents of the provinces. However, his four escorting commissioners, Marshal Maison, Odilon-Barrot, De Schonen, and De La Pommery, by a judicious display of tricolor, and the proper show of revolutionary enthusiasm at the right moments, guided him safely through his dangers, and on the 17th of August the poor old man was embarked at Cherbourg, and two American packets, escorted by two French men-of-war, rapidly conveyed him and his family from the country they would not learn and could not govern. A profound sensation of relief and deliverance spread through all France when this was accomplished, and not a few

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thanked Heaven that the tragedy of Louis XVI. had found no echo in the fate of Charles X. In reality he ran no such danger. The passions of the nation were not roused, for they had no bitter wrongs to avenge; such mistakes of government as he had made were more mistakes of policy than personal injuries inflicted on the people: and both he, and in later times, Louis Philippe, might have spared themselves many moments of terror during their flight. The people had not now to establish their lawful claims by blood: they simply despoiled their stewards of their trusts, and drove them from their office. It was an affair of unsatisfactory housekeeping, not of the fierce assertion of right, which had marked the revolution of '98. No work need be done twice. Guizot's position in the cabinet was not without its disagreeables:

"As Minister of the Interior, I was required incessantly to take part between the two rival policies, and my resolution was formed from the first day. Upon instinct and reflection, I had an antipathy to disorder; a contest engages more than it disturbs me, and my mind cannot resign itself to inconsistencies. Not that the policy of resistance was without its peculiar difficulty in my case; I had served the Restoration, and on that account I was disliked, and even suspected by the revolutionists. M. Molé and M. Louis had also served the Restoration, and more ostensibly than I, since both had been ministers under Louis XVIII. But their past career presented fewer points of attack. I soon became the standard-bearer of resistance, and against me the blows of its enemies were specially directed. The Duke de Broglie supported me in this difficult struggle: he had held no office under the Restoration, and in 1830 only desired to fill the unpretending department of Public Instruction. On his own account he had few contests to engage in. But he was more a liberal than a democrat; and of a refined and elevated nature, incoherent and revolutionary policy was as unacceptable to him as to myself. Although of different origin, position, and character, we were already united, not only by a friendship already old, but by an intimate community of principles and generous sentiments—the most powerful of all ties when it really exists, as it very rarely does. We alone, in the Cabinet of 1830, acted invariably in concert and on the same side."

But if he had a difficult part to play, Louis Philippe, by nature dissimulating and vacillating, had one still more difficult. At one time an enthusiastic partisan of the republic, and now king in the place of a deposed cousin, he had need of all his craft to keep fair with the different parties whose sympathies he found it absolutely necessary to enlist. To the popular leaders he was specially gracious. Laffitte sprains his ankle, and him he treats with "friendly and almost anxious familiarity." His language to Dupont de l'Eure is "full of frankness and gaiety, as if to conciliate the peasant of the Danube;" yet of this very man he could afterwards say to M. d'Haubersaert, "if I had not found M. Casimir Périer on the 13th of March, I should have been compelled to swallow Salvarte and Dupont entirely raw;" to Casimir Périer he "evinces strong respect, and to the Duke de Broglie, M. Molé, and Guizot, his manners are only "simple and open, bearing the impress of esteem and cordiality without caresses." Guizot seeks to apologise for his master's dissimulation, by emphatically calling it "the natural result of a complicated position, still undefined, and the working of a spirit as yet inexperienced in government, and seeking with hesitation its course and its friends." He says gingerly, that "his real confidence

and outward deportment were not always in perfect harmony, hence enemies and shallow observers accused him of premeditated duplicity." Lord Normanby's revelations are somewhat plainer: and if any one wishes to correct the ex-minister's excessive tenderness of judgment, he may turn to our ambassador's journal, which assuredly is not unreliable from an over-leaning to the popular side, or its indifference to the sacredness of anointed kings.

Louis Philippe had no more industrious or capable minister than Guizot. He worked himself almost to death. He sought out as colleagues and inferior officials men of marked individuality and self-reliance, strongly deprecating that centralisation of mind which is content to receive all its impressions from head-quarters. In the midst of his graver labours he did not neglect the historic learning and classic tastes with which his name has become inseparably connected; and he indistinctly gave an impetus and direction to art and literature, which only the brutal military despotism of the present could have so thoroughly destroyed. He sketches a beautiful little picture, wherein his wife, Madame Elise Guizot, and his noble and worthy coadjutor, his baby daughter, and Rossini, form the group; a little idyl which took place when the city was full of the Pantheon riots, and which, after thirty years, has remained in his mind as fresh as if of yesterday. The cold, classic diplomatist gives us one glimpse, and only one, into the loving and domestic man. He shared the "passion for peace," which then possessed Europe; giving the king credit for the highest moral views in his adherence to a peace policy, when a generous cause called him to active interference. This eulogium is passed *à propos* of his refusal to aid Poland; but Guizot forgets the armed interference in Belgium, the occupation of Ancona, the butcheries of Algeria, and the French squadron in the Tagus, which this peace-loving king found good and righteous, when his own interests or passions were concerned.

It is too early yet to touch on the Spanish marriages; but Guizot, consciously or unconsciously, again betrays the king's detestable duplicity in his conduct towards the Spanish refugees, and the mute kind of countenance which he gave to their plots against Ferdinand VII. He takes credit for him that he rejected the overtures made to him by them "for the marriage of his son, the Duke de Nemours, with the young Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, and for the union of the Peninsula under the same sceptre;" but he seems not to understand that he simply shows the king to be more contemptible than powerful, in thus depicting him playing fast and loose with a cause which he was too half-hearted to make thoroughly his own. Louis Philippe was but waiting on events. Had the plot been successful he would have claimed his reward for his act of neutrality; as it failed, he made good terms with the authorities, and thus trimmed tolerably evenly between both parties. Had Louis Philippe been a Roman, his Deus Major would have been Janus.

But Guizot's ministry was coming to an end. He set himself vigorously and generously against the punishment of death for political offences, and though he blames, as impolitic, Tracey's bringing forward his motion for the abolition of capital punishment, on the same day as Eusebe Salvarte's impeachment of the Polignac ministry, yet he warmly supports the zealous humanity

which would have made the excesses of the first revolution impossible again. Though nothing violent actually took place, the people were excited and uneasy, and the very conjunction of motions still more disturbed them. The clubs were active; secret and open denunciators were not wanting; the Chambers were harassed, and some of the ministers not so amenable to his views as he could have wished; and in the midst of what he feared might prove the prelude to a criminal counter revolution, he vacated his office, and "Dupont de l'Eure and Laffitte became the standard-bearers of the new cabinet." But the leading spirit, until the close of the book is now Casimir Périer, undoubtedly one of the most capable of the king's ministers, though a passionate, haughty, and arbitrary man, and not always too respectful to majesty itself. Guizot is not always true in his portraits, and but seldom just, when speaking of men of extreme views; but he is epigrammatic and antithetical, as becomes a Frenchman. Odilon Barrot he finds "a confiding politician;" Benjamin Constant "a sceptical and deriding sophist, without conviction or reflection, giving himself up from sheer weariness to extinct passions, and only intent on still finding some amusement and interest for a blunted spirit and a worn-out existence;" Metternich is "a practical politician, with defined views, and a theorist upon wise maxims;" but Metternich confesses that, with all his ability, he has "sometimes governed Europe, but Austria never;" Arago is "inconsiderate and bitter;" and Godefroy Cavaignac is "violent, bitter, passionate, and hypocritical." The insurrection which took place at Lamarque's funeral he does not allow to have been accidental, or in any manner provoked by the authorities: of the Fourierists and the Saint Simonians he would not have deigned to speak, had he not personally known several of the most distinguished disciples of the two schools, though at the same time he gives them an exaggerated importance in the insurrection at Lyons. Of this insurrection he speaks with bitter and unstatesmanlike contempt; again, as before, so fatally oblivious of the sufferings and the rights of the working classes, as to dwarf his capacity for judging, and singularly circumscribe his sphere of influence. Guizot is too thorough a partisan to be ever a real leader of men: for the capable chief of a cabinet is not necessarily one of the informing minds of the age, nor a skilful diplomatist always the profoundest psychologist. But perhaps the rule under which he writes has palsied his hand at dangerous passages, and held him back from the perils which Montalembert has just escaped. Be that as it may, the work is itself a bitter reproach to France, and one of those deadly satires which only history can write on her present state. All the bloodshed, all the dreams, the hopes, the aims, the passions, the desires, which have flowed together to make a free France, and carve out a living model for the nations to study, have only resulted in a brutal and licentious despotism under which no man may speak aloud, and where public life is extinct; which recalls the vices, the oppressions, the extravagances, and the sensualities of the worst periods of the monarchy, and has riveted anew the chains which the maddened people once shook off on the fatal Place de Grève. This, and only this, is what we can gather from contemporary French history—the only words written across the brazen forehead of the



empire, and the underlying moral of these memoirs of a constitutionalist. Guizot can afford to be contemptuous to democracy, when he turns towards the Tuileries, and sees what monstrous thing it has enthroned there.

We should like to know if the Emperor ever thinks of the time when, a young man, he suddenly appeared in Paris with his mother, and heard the partisans of the empire shout "Vive l'Empereur" round the column in the Place Vendôme. The account is graphic enough:

"In April, 1831, a few weeks after the accession of M. Casimir Périér to power, and while commotion rolled and grumbled in the streets like thunder in a protracted storm, Queen Hortense suddenly arrived in Paris with her son, Louis Bonaparte. She was flying from Italy, where she had just lost the eldest of her children; and whence with great difficulty she had brought the second, enfeebled by illness. Immediately on her arrival she addressed herself to Count d'Houdetot, aid-de-camp to the king, with whom she had long been acquainted, praying him to make his majesty acquainted with her situation, and the circumstances that had brought her to Paris. The king, after a conversation with M. Casimir Périér on the subject, and with him alone amongst the ministers, received Queen Hortense secretly at the Palais-Royal, in the small chamber occupied by Count d'Houdetot, —the queen and Madame Adelaide being also present. All three evinced towards her the deepest interest. She desired permission to remain, for some time at least, in France, and to bring certain pecuniary claims before the government. The king, on both points, promised her all the assistance in his power, and sent M. Casimir Périér to her, as being necessarily acquainted with what had taken place. 'I know sir,' said she to the minister, as she saw him enter, 'that I have violated a law; you have a right to arrest me, which would be only just.' 'Legal, yes madam; just, no!' replied M. Casimir Périér; and, after conversing with her for some minutes, proffered services of which she might stand in need, but these she declined. Meanwhile the disturbances continued, and approached the Rue de la Paix, in which the fugitive queen resided. On the 5th of May, the column in the Place Vendôme became their central point; cries of 'Long live the Emperor!' resounded on all sides; a report flew abroad that Prince Louis had been seen in the square. M. Casimir Périér announced to Queen Hortense that her visit to Paris must terminate. She departed with her son for England, unrecognized by the public, and protected by the king whom her friends were seeking to dethrone. At a later period she received in London, through the intervention of M. de Talleyrand, passports allowing her to traverse France, and thus to reach Switzerland, where she had determined to reside."

What a mere halting-place Paris has been for her crowned heads of late: and what is the palace of the Tuileries but a well-furnished caravanserai? Guizot, one of the most active of the former servants, is now reduced to inaction and political annihilation; but he has taken his revenge in his present book, of which every word must be a sting to all the thinking and enlightened men of France.

*Man and his Dwelling-Place.* An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. (J. W. Parker & Son.)

"THERE are two subjects," is the reported saying of Beethoven, "on which I never converse. They are, Thorough-Bass and Religion; and the reason I abjure them is, that they are both exhausted." So Macaulay, too, has hinted, with perhaps a fuller meaning than meets the ear, that "Theology is not a progressive science." Now it is very

true that the labours of the human mind in respect to religion are by no means progressive in the sense in which the physical sciences are progressive. This negative quality is shared by theology, in common with poetry and art. But it is one thing to admit this; quite another to rule that theology must be stagnant, or retrogressive, or (to use Beethoven's phrase) exhausted. At any rate, mankind are still as deeply interested as ever in the great problems of religion; and still, if any man attempt a solution of the problems, the world listens with credulous and eager ear. Something surely ought to be achieved by the expenditure of so much toil, and so much conflicting thought. Something is achieved. We do not look for perpetual advance of discovery in theology: but we may find the divine truth, lost in the dullness of a material age, clearing and developing itself into fresh forms with the more wholesome atmosphere of a better time:

Large elements in order brought,  
And tracts of calm from tempest made.

And thoughtful minds are pretty generally agreed in recognising a vast change in the religious ideas and spirit of our own time; a change, the more immediate expansion of which has been the work of the last two or three decades of the century; a change which seems to give some promise of having led us to a higher mood of faith, and even of doubt. A vitality of spiritual consciousness has grown up and strengthened amongst us, and the most remote and seemingly alien tendencies have combined to foster its nascent power. The Oxford movement has been said, by Bishop Thirlwall, to have given rise to more valuable writings in theology than had appeared for a long time previous to it. It aroused a new and general attention to the whole history of Christianity; and, if it made shipwreck of some promising intellects and some useful lives, there are men living who owe to it a stronger and a better-defined sense of the reality and value of spiritual things, of the effects of faith in the human soul, "of the universality and perpetuity of Divine grace, of the sanctity of common duties, of the grandeur and power of a historical communion." The contemporaneous utterances of Mr. Carlyle, and the later expositions of Mr. Maurice, have but taken up the parable of Dr. Newman, in respect to that which formed great part of the essence of his theology. That wonder and reverence are the condition of insight and the source of strength, that faith is prior to knowledge and deeper too, and that empirical science can but play on the surface of unfathomable mysteries—these and other doctrines have been pointed out by an able critic as having been at once the suitable hypotheses of one teacher, the rational axioms of another, and the intuitive verities of a third, forming points of union between the several influences apparently so diverse if not absolutely antagonistic.

But though all the three schools have contributed to the altered temper of thinking minds in the present day, yet the operations of two of them must be allowed already to belong to the past.

If the indirect results of Newmanism have been partly good and useful, its more immediate hopes and promises have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. The sanguine followers of a once flattering standard have been led across the desert to a mirage; and a milder fate has fallen to the

lot of those who put their trust in the oracle of Chelsea, only because the prophet held out more moderate hopes. In the meantime the remaining section of theologians, the section that has for its motto comprehension and liberality of thought, that seems most faithfully to have adhered to the lessons of the past, while it is the only one that strains with anything like buoyancy of hope towards the future, and that has thus most successfully vindicated the claim to pioneer the thoughts and feelings of a new generation, appears to be slowly but surely attracting towards itself the vast majority of the most earnest, devout, and philosophic Christians of our time. Not that there is any claim set up on its behalf to be the source of an oracular influence, or even of a direct and permanent influence at all within the restrictions of any precise form. It is the rather to be commended and encouraged for this very subordination of the restrictive element, for this exaltation of the spirit in all cases above the form, and for the scope which is thus given to theology for changing its standing-point as mankind gradually mounts up the steps of moral and intellectual progress, for enriching its lessons with the harvests of the latest scientific labours and self-sacrifices, and adding dignity to its presence as the forms of past human actors and the monuments of past human thought become from time to time more completely unveiled to us.

Now, it is to this last comprehensive school of modern religious thought that "Man and his Dwelling-Place" belongs. And of all the books, many and able, which have emanated from that quarter, it is perhaps the most severely thought out, the most profoundly original. The book aims at nothing less than the furnishing a key to the right interpretation of Nature, the detection and proof of a certain fundamental truth, which will be found on examination to underlie most of the great and manifold problems that have vexed for ages, and still continue to vex, the human soul. The author points out the characteristics of three modes of possible proof in such cases, the Logical, the Historical, and the Expository. He adopts the latter, which, taking the phenomena as they appear, gives a simple statement of the facts which carries its own conviction. Such is the evidence on which the Copernican astronomy is accepted by the mass of educated men. The new discovery thus expounded is, briefly, of the following sort. There is a consciousness, common to all the intelligent members of the human race, of a certain deadness somewhere in the universe. This deadness may be either in "Man" (the race), or in his "Dwelling-Place" (the material universe). In which does it actually reside? The popular notion, founded on our habitual contact with the phenomenal, and our habitual forgetfulness that the phenomenal is not the real, is that the deadness belongs to Nature, to the world, to the universe. Now, the author undertakes to prove that this is the great point of error, the prime cause of all our entangled misconceptions. Man is mistaken. Nature is not, truly and in itself, such as it is to man's feeling. There is no inertness, or defect, or deadness in Nature. The defectiveness is man's own. It is introduced by him into Nature. He perceives defect without him, only because there is defect within him. Man thus misses the true and absolute being of Nature, which is spiritual and not inert. He is blind to the "things which are not seen," and nothing

but an awakening to true life will open his eyes to see them. Christianity is the means by which man is to attain true life, and, as a consequence, true knowledge of the world which appears to him now to be merely physical, but which is in reality spiritual. The author does not attempt to follow out the precise relations of the physical to the spiritual, of the phenomenal to the absolute. Nor, when mention is made of a spiritual world, is he to be supposed to mean that chairs and tables are spiritual, nor that there are spiritual tables and chairs of which these are the images, after the manner of some Neoplatonists, but, simply, that the perception of these phenomena is due to the existence and operation of being that is different from them, and of which we can know that it is certainly spiritual, incapable of the inertness which we foist upon its phenomena, but nothing more, certainly, at least in this stage of the investigation.

Still, this is an all-important starting-point. The recognition of deadness as belonging to man, not to Nature, is a basis indispensable for the commencement of an inquiry as to what Nature truly is, and why we must feel Nature as we do, precisely as the knowledge of the earth's motion was the indispensable basis for the commencement of a great astronomical inquiry, which was still wholly independent (in respect to its direct solution) of any question about the nature of the starry universe. That and other questions were problems for future investigation, and even yet they are but begun. It is difficult to convey to a person who has not read the book any adequate notion of the extent to which this illustration from astronomy is iterated and reiterated with a much less tedious effect than would be the inevitable consequence if the thought were less vigorously sustained, but certainly to a faulty extent. The analogical argument is brought forward in this way. Mankind formerly believed that the starry heavens were revolving round the earth. Judging from the phenomena, this was the only belief that it was possible to entertain. And nothing could render it possible for men to come to a cognisance of the reality as distinct from the phenomena, in other words, to appreciate the fact of Nature, but the accepting for their own a condition which, on the score of their own feelings and perceptions, they attributed to the universe outside themselves—a condition, moreover, which it was out of their power, as long as they followed the guidance of mere perception, to attribute to anything but the universe. On the advent of the Copernican system, all this was altered. How? Simply by an act of self-abnegation. Men ceased to attribute their own motion to the universe. They no longer arrogated to themselves the position of a fixed central point, and no longer imagined the heavenly bodies to be confined to certain revolutions within a petty space round that point. Their reward was that the universe, when once rid of this arbitrary attribute of motion round the earth, expanded before the delighted gaze of men into the Infinite. And thus, if we cease to attribute our inherent inertness or deadness to the universe, it will rise at once to the Spiritual. "The universe cannot be infinite if it be revolving round the earth. It cannot be spiritual if it be inert. Is it a dead universe or a dead humanity; a revolving heavens or revolving earth?"

The author insists with eloquent earnestness on the part which science has to bear

in the opening of man's eyes. Science is useful in order to correct our knowledge of Nature, enabling us to attribute to its true source the defect we feel. The chief energies of eminent men have long been devoted to physical research, and they have not stretched forth their hands to the Infinite merely to grasp some mathematical relations, some undefined ideas about forces—a perception merely of undeviating law. "Not so. In creating science, men have done more than they knew." The great thought of science is necessity. But we cannot tolerate the notion of an inert necessity, of a blind connection between natural phenomena that seems to put a chain upon the hand of God. Pursue science a little further; and you shall find that it has prepared the way for the removal of our great illusion. It will have opened our eyes, showing us that the inertness is all our own, and that the necessity of Nature is a living necessity, even the law of love. The following passage, which forms the conclusion of the chapter on "The Illustration from Astronomy," will be sufficient to indicate the texture and general style of the author's argument:

"Nothing is so repugnant, so impossible, as truly to believe the universe to be such as the theory of an external inertness represents it to be. It is manifestly more. Nature cannot be dead. We cannot help speaking of her life, inconsistent though it be. The difficulties with which science has so constantly to strive; the obstacles which theologians and poets so obstinately put in her way, are but the expressions of this feeling. Why do men so determinately maintain a special vital force, not identical with physical forces, but because they feel that life is truly spiritual, and will not have it made mechanical? Granted theirs is a blind and unwise struggle; that they deny the very spirituality they seek to maintain, and treat their best friend as an enemy. Not the less speaks humanity in them. Life is spiritual, and Nature lives. Rather, far rather, will men admit man to be dead than the universe, when once they see that the question comes to that issue. For the point to be decided is not whether there be a deadness at all, within us or without. There is a deadness: we perceive it, and are conscious of it ever. We have embodied it in our language, asserted it in our philosophy, made it the cornerstone of our science in the doctrine of inertia. The deadness is the great fact of our present state of being, that which gives it its entire character. The assertion of a death is no new doctrine; it is no doctrine peculiar to religion. The only question is, where is it, in Nature or in man? absolute or relative, affecting the universal work of God, or our miserable selves? Where is the want, the necessity for being altered? Is Nature wrapped in darkness, or is man blind? This is the simple choice we have to make. A recognition that we are in the spiritual world does not demand of us so great a change in our conceptions as has been already accomplished by astronomy.

"Nor does our understanding that the phenomenon is not the fact make any difference to the phenomenon itself. Our impressions are not altered; the only question is concerning the interpretation we put upon them. We perceive the universe as inert. Why? Because it is inert, or because our impression does not correspond to the truth by a defect of man's own being? This is almost too simple to lay stress upon, yet there is apt to be a misapprehension respecting it. The sun rises and sets to us as it did to the first of men. If it did not, we could not affirm the revolution of the earth. If Nature were not inert to us, we could not affirm the deadness of man. The appearance is not altered by our better knowledge: the phenomenon is not made less by our knowing the fact, but more. It is shorn of no glory or value that it possessed, but receives an added lustre, a new significance. To know that the fact of Nature is spiritual leaves us all that is

in Nature, but adds to it infinitely more. We do not thereby escape from the state which makes it physical to us, but we are freed from an illusion. The spiritual world must and should affect us as it does. To be affected otherwise, either man must be different, or the world must not be spiritual.

"Man's defect is not in his perceiving the world as physical, but in his perceiving it as a reality; in his not feeling it to be phenomenal only: even as our ignorance is not the cause of our perceiving the heavens move, but of our thinking such motion to be real. From this state we cannot escape by any action of our own, nor is it desirable we should escape: but we can recognise the truth. We can think more rightly, though impressions remain the same. So we are every way advantaged, and, especially, better prepared for action.

"From our false feeling we learn what man's state is. We are such that the spiritual is physical to us, the active inert, the living dead; love a mechanical necessity. Such is man; such his defect; such his necessity for being made new. Here is the secret of his pride. Because he is dead, he sets himself up as the centre of all things, and feels himself exalted as such a king. He admires himself, extols himself, seeks to subordinate all things to himself, must make all things contribute to his pleasure; he must get all he can, must exercise his arbitrary will, will yield nothing, nor forego, nor sacrifice: all of which is the opposite to God.

"He does not know that all this is from a miserable want: that as, through our own motion, the heavens revolve about the earth, and each man feels himself the centre of the universal sphere, so the secret of self-exaltation, self-will, self-regard, and self-assertion, is inertness. He says I am free, and Nature is my slave: he does not know that this is death. Should he not rather say: In becoming one with that which Nature is, I live."

One word in conclusion on the more obvious defects of "Man and his Dwelling-Place." They are of two kinds. They are partly personal to the author, partly shared by him with his school. He is individually responsible for an almost excessive attachment to the darling theory, the excess being manifested in a tendency to overdo the evidence, to press everything into the service. Thus it would not be hard to show that the argument from astronomy, on which so much depends, is strained too far; and that, however strongly the New Testament may in certain places speak of death in the author's sense, yet that it abounds with passages where no such meaning at all is to be understood, and that in any two epistles of St. Paul you shall find the expression "death" used indiscriminately in the primary and obvious, or the metaphorical signification. The fault of his school, a tendency to substitute the real for the nominal in the ordinary usage of words, although it has been unmercifully thrown in the teeth of some late writers, and of none more than Mr. Maurice himself, there is little difficulty in forgiving. Those who are aware how Plato chafes under the inadequacy even of his language to philosophical purposes, and how he is cramped by it, and himself laboriously struggles sometimes to extend its grasp, will not quarrel with Englishmen in the nineteenth century, who are trying hard to remove some layers of prejudice and ignorance from the hearts and intellects of their contemporaries, and who, in the face of all the opposition and obloquy which such an endeavour is sure to excite, find it hard to shape their lips in such a way as shall do no injustice to the subject-matter, and yet obtain for it a hearing.



## THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The Council has assembled at the Bedford.

THE MANDARIN.

I propose, that in order to promote the harmony of the evening, not one word be said about this Reform Bill.

THE BARONET.

I propose, as an amendment to the honourable party's motion, that nothing else be talked of except the Reform Bill.

THE PROFESSOR.

I propose to say what I have to say upon the subject, after which, as I shall have exhausted the subject (Drooper, I honour the self-command which prevents your adding "and the audience") there will be no use in prolonging the discussion.

THE EDITOR.

Let us take Lord Palmerston's advice, regularly tendered when anybody desires to limit the length of debates. Let us fetter ourselves by no rules, but get on as fast as we can.

THE PROFESSOR.

Declining to be hurried, I proceed to say that, *meo judicio*, this bill is both a surprising and a satisfactory one. Surprising, in the very large concessions which Conservatism makes to Liberalism; satisfactory, inasmuch as it fulfils a reluctantly given promise in an ample, rational, and loyal manner. Let us now speak of Mr. Gye's equally satisfactory programme of his opera season, next door.

THE BARONET.

Not for an hour to come. I have carefully considered the bill, and I have my own sentiments to advance. I go so far with the Professor as to admit that Lord Derby has fairly grappled with the question, and that there is little or nothing in the bill which is not good. But inasmuch as the bill is supposed to be a concession to the popular demand for reform, and inasmuch as it does next to nothing in favour of the classes from whom that demand is supposed especially to proceed, I deny that the result is satisfactory, because no satisfaction is given.

MR. TEMPLE.

That is, doubtless, the line of argument which has been already hinted at by Lord John Russell, and which will be followed up by the Opposition. But it proceeds upon a fallacy. There was no popular demand for a change in the representative system.

THE BARONET.

We have gone over that ground before, and have agreed that no mobs were marching on London, no castles were in flames, no recorders had to call in soldiery, no dukes were stoned into putting up iron shutters. But I deny the non-existence of the demand. It existed in the strongest form that should be seen in a constitutional country, it is an honour to the nation that it has been so manifested only, and it would have been an evidence of either mole-sightedness or judicial idiocy on the part of the governing classes if they had failed to recognise it.

THE PROFESSOR.

To what do you point as the form you speak of?

THE BARONET.

The people—public opinion, if you will—having silently, but steadily, reduced it to a necessity of ministerial existence, that the Ministry for the time being should promise reform. Three Premiers have been successively pledged to it.

THE PROFESSOR.

Well, we have the result before us. And it may be more practical to consider the probable fortunes of the bill, than the circumstances which produced it. Temple sees, in these, only the clever tricks of rival candidates for office, you see a series of obediences to the *vox populi*. Here, however, is the measure.

MR. STOKE.

An excellent bill. It gives the franchise to everybody who is fit to have it, namely, to everybody who is tolerably industrious and prosperous.

MR. DROOPER.

A worldling's view of political rights.

MR. STOKE.

Why, to whom would you give the management of the country? Will you poll the Cave of Adullam—where every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered himself together unto David?

THE PROFESSOR.

David conquered, *malgré* his following.

MR. STOKE.

Because there was an evil spirit in the ruler of the land, which is by no means the case here.

THE BARONET.

Let us leave this historical illustration to the Barons L. and M. Rothschild and Alderman Salomons, against the second reading comes on. It belongs to them. I am ready to agree with our friend from the City, that prosperity, as a rule, may be taken as evidence of the qualities that entitle a man to be trusted. Prosperity is a good hostage to society.

MR. STOKE.

Well, look at your bill. Forty-shilling freeholders, five-pound owners, ten-pound tenants, eight-shillings-a-week lodgers, ten-pound-a-year stock owners, twenty-pound-a-year pensioners, sixty-pound savers, and everybody who can be called an educated man. All these are to have votes.

MR. DROOPER.

Eight different doors, to the temple of the franchise—just as there were to the infernal temple in the Curse of Kehama, only there the magician came in by all eight at once.

MR. STOKE.

Bother your poetry, and answer me whether under such an arrangement there can be any large exclusion of any class entitled to have an opinion on political matters?

THE BARONET.

Allowing that money is to be the test, and I do not know how, in this kingdom of god Mammon, you can, as his loyal subjects, permit any other, I say that you exclude thousands who not only create wealth, but who pay enormously to the support of the state. Take the artisan who pays five or six shillings for his room—that man pays in indirect taxation, buying at the smallest retail rates, an enormous sum in proportion to his earnings, three times as much, I suppose, as anybody here. Do you think that he cannot calculate, and, having calculated, will not growl. I exclude the trash about every man having a natural right to a voice in the government, because I would almost make it ground of disfranchisement to prove that a claimant had ever uttered such folly. I go upon figures—money.

MR. STOKE.

But we cannot, even if you are right in your calculations, which I doubt, I say we cannot open that wide door. It is in fact universal suffrage, for who is there that pays no indirect taxes?

THE BARONET.

I am meeting the Professor's proposition that the bill is satisfactory. I will take another point. You give votes to the stock-holder, and to the pensioned man. Who pays the interest on the stock? Who pays the pension? You tax Jones that you may give Brown his dividends, and Robinson his quarterly income, and in right of those dividends and income you give Brown and Robinson the vote which you refuse to Jones, whose money has helped to create it.

THE PROFESSOR.

Let Jones work a little harder, or drink a little

less beer, and he may take a better room, and he will then be not only a better man but a voter, and if he is not equal to this struggle, he is not the man to say how millions are to be governed.

THE BARONET.

I doubt whether that answer will silence the men who are going to meet upon the subject.

THE MANDARIN.

After all, they are not to decide upon the bill. That business happens at present to be in the hands of Parliament.

THE BARONET.

And I believe that the bill is eminently acceptable to Parliament, and would gladly be taken as the solution of the question, if Parliament could afford to vote as it thinks. This fact, however, is the most strongest argument in favour of the measure.

MR. TEMPLE.

I think it a very strong one, if you profess to believe in the wisdom of your representatives. I think the bill goes quite as far as is safe, and I specially applaud the lowering of the county franchise, and equalising it with that of the towns.

THE EDITOR.

Its first fruits have been the substitution of Mr. Sotheron Estcourt and Lord Donoughmore for Messrs. Walpole and Henley.

MR. TEMPLE.

That blow we will bear as best we may.

THE PROFESSOR.

Also do I greatly approve of the Voting Papers. They will do something, and in time a good deal, to counteract the habit, fatally prevalent in America, and much too prevalent here, of quiet, thinking, respectable men abstaining from taking part in contests.

MR. DROOPER.

The re-alloting the fifteen seats is all very well as far as it goes, but we want a great deal more done in this way.

THE PROFESSOR.

Possibly, but interests grow up gradually, under different conditions, and certainly with different products. Each case, where change is wanted, should be studied carefully, and on its own merits. As for dealing with all these new wants *en masse*, it is sheer quackery, and resembles the prescription of the doctors in one of Foote's plays—Drooper remembers.

MR. DROOPER.

Where the physicians at the hospital are engaged in a fearful squabble about their own fees and rights, much too important matters to be postponed for the sake of the patients, and so, when the house-doctor ventures to inquire of the big-wigs what is to be done with the sick, he is asked what he did yesterday. "Yesterday, sir, we bled the north ward and jalapped the south." "Then bleed the south ward and jalap the north, and be off with you."

THE EDITOR.

On the whole, then, I presume that we may comfort and reassure the Ministry, by apprising them that the general feeling of the Council is that, whether the Reform Bill pass or not, it is a bill that deserves to pass. Will you divide, Baronet?

THE BARONET.

No, certainly not. I approve of the bill, but it is not satisfactory, and if carried through the second reading, will be much altered in committee, perhaps so much so that it will be repudiated by its authors.

THE EDITOR.

Anybody else desirous to speak. O'Donnegan?

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Sir, I will thank you not to insult me. What's the bill to me? It is for your own wretched province, not for the noble kingdoms which have annexed you. Neither Ireland nor Scotland notice you.



THE PROFESSOR.

I don't know. Baxter's Saint's Rest seems to have been broken by the neglect of Scotland.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

He had better have treated the insolence with the lofty scorn of a superior nature :

"You have willed that your sleeves shall be mute. I am dumb."

THE EDITOR.

Colonel, we have heard nothing from you.

THE COLONEL.

I don't care much about it. While they were giving special votes, fancy franchises, to lawyers, and doctors, and parsons, I think they might as well have given them to officers holding the Queen's commission, but it isn't worth a word. I am much more interested in watching whether Jung Bahadur will catch Nana Sahib, as he has undertaken to do.

THE PROFESSOR.

And if he does ?

THE COLONEL.

Then, sir, I hope and trust that Sir Jung Bahadur's detestation of the crimes of the Nana, will, much to the regret of both, prevent his restraining his indignation long enough to hand over the fiendish miscreant to the English, who could only hang, or blow the beast from a gun. Jung, not being fettered by any particular notions of humanity, and keeping, I believe, an excellent menagerie, might advantageously pitch the monster to a couple of tigers—I hope the idea will occur to him.

THE PROFESSOR.

From what one knows of Sir Jung, it is not improbable. I think that amiable ally of ours shot a lot of his uncles and cousins at breakfast one morning, with his own hand.

THE EDITOR.

Strangers cannot decide upon the merits of family quarrels, and we will hope that Sir Jung acted with the best intentions. I own that the Colonel's idea, if carried out, would give satisfaction in England.

THE PROFESSOR.

As I have said before, first catch your Nana. So Lord Palmerston, as we anticipated, made no speech last Friday, but did little more than ask the Government what he himself knew better than any one he was addressing, namely, whether there was to be war or not.

THE COLONEL.

It is only a question of time ; war is as certain to come as midsummer, and I should be sorry to say which will come first. Given, the two armies out of the Papal dominions, and how much nearer peace are you then ? How does Antonelli mean to protect himself ? Because, I should think that as soon as the armies are fairly withdrawn, the first thing the people will do will be to rise, and the second to hang him.

THE BARONET.

We are like watchmen on a tower, waiting to see where a conflagration will break out. Luckily, we have not got to run with the engines.

THE EDITOR.

Not at present, or the water-rates would be heavier. But there will be a call for the Albion engine and her men before the fire is out.

THE PROFESSOR.

Now is it permitted to speak of Mr. Gye's programme ? Mario—

MR. TEMPLE.

Not yet. But your naming Mario reminds me of something. Do you notice that the Brownings, poets, have published a disclaimer of any approval of the policy of the Dagger, advocated by Madame Jessie White Mario, their friend, and that they also deprecate any democratic policy hostile to the Piedmontese government.

THE PROFESSOR.

A wholesome utterance, and I am glad they

have had the courage to make it—I mean, rather, the courage to despise the very probable scoff at the apparent assertion of self-consequence involved in such an announcement to the world.

THE BARONET.

Surely, for what they have already said so finely, that husband and wife are entitled to be heard, when they desire to speak. Besides which, any English protest against the patriotism of murder is specially desirable in these feverish times. There would be plenty of Ehuds for every Eglon, if strong public opinion, chiefly nurtured in England, did not resolutely oppose that method of setting the times right.

MR. DROOPER.

Lord Bury has carried the Wife's Sister triumphantly through the Commons. It was passed by 137 to 89.

THE BARONET.

And there is an end of it, for I don't suppose the bishops have come over. There has been a good deal of correspondence in the papers about it, and some of the letters may have been genuine. The best was about the last. A parson puts the case in this way : It is the nature of a step-mother to ill-use her husband's children by the first marriage ; but inasmuch as the aunt *may* have loved her sister, the latter's children will be less snubbed by her, when she marries their father, than they would be by a stranger.

THE PROFESSOR.

All stuff about ill-treating children. No woman—I mean one with the comforts and civilisations of life about her—ever ill-treated a child. Poverty, or neediness, naturally brings all sorts of meannesses and unkindnesses with it ; but a woman who is enabled to make children happy invariably does it. I give her no praise, because it is her instinct ; and lucky it is for the rising generation that such an instinct is in them, for I am blessed if it's in *us*.

MR. TEMPLE.

Yes it is. I am very fond of children.

THE PROFESSOR.

You are a bachelor, and live in chambers, and you go out to houses with toys in your pocket, and the children, washed and dressed, come and laugh with you, and then go away to the nursery, and you fancy that because you have pleased them, and they have pleased you, you are fond of the article. Bother ! Wait till you have some healthy ones making your home a bear-garden, or some sick ones (which I hope you never will have) moaning, and fretful, and ill-conditioned. Then you'll see the difference between their mother's love for them and your own. You will find that you want a wonderful number of holidays, while she seldom thinks of such a thing.

THE EDITOR.

I fancy myself to detect some little self-reproach in the Professor's tones. If his pockets were searched, we might find some Brighton bills, incurred by a solitary gentleman who had been bored at home.

THE PROFESSOR.

Nothing of the sort. But if this horribly hot weather is to last, I shall propose that the Council sits at the sea-side.

THE EDITOR.

March has come in like a lamb—nevertheless, don't you sell your sheepskins. The almanacs promise stormy weather for mid-Lent. Drooper, do you speak on Wednesday ?

MR. DROOPER.

Always, if I have anything to say. I make a point of it. Thursday also. What imports the question ?

THE EDITOR.

Do you speak on Wednesday next at Willis's Rooms, for the benefit of the Dramatic Sick Fund, Mr. Keeley in the chair ? Is that precise enough for you ?

MR. DROOPER.

No, I don't. But I mean to be there. The

Association is a most excellent one, and everybody who likes actors when they are in health, should help them when they are out of it.

THE PROFESSOR.

This naturally brings us to Mr. Gye's programme—

MR. DROOPER.

It is the only institution that helps the poor actor or horse-rider when ill ; and you will enjoy a performance much more, I assure you, when you recollect that if a girl catches ague from shivering at the wing, or sprains her ankle in springing through fifty balloons, you have left a trifle for her with Mr. Anson.

MR. STROKE.

Where's the office.

MR. DROOPER.

Practical man—make a note of it. Close by : 35, Bow Street. The O'Donnegan knows the neighbourhood.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

The cerulean minions of a false civilisation have not lately contaminated the collar of the O'Donnegan with the touch of their base hands. In other days, a heart o'ercharged with sorrow for his country's wrongs and his own may have occasionally sought solace in stimulant, and thence derived a noble inspiration, that led him to unequal encounter with those brutal myrmidons of the bludgeon. Talking of bludgeons, what big cigars ! I've seen smaller umbrellas.

THE PROFESSOR.

They are too large. The fire is at first too remote, and then too fierce. By the way, there ought to be a sumptuary edict against smoking by brats under age. I come into town frequently on the top of an omnibus, about the time the clerks come in. And to behold on the roof of the vehicles the long rows of whiskerless, sallow, sulky boys, sucking at clay pipes, is nauseous to behold. They smoke away their appetites, and what little brains they have, and grow up, or rather don't grow up, miserable little snobs, despised of man and contemned by woman.

THE BARONET.

Beasts ! I would rather that they were cheerful and vulgarly larky, as in other days. The remedy is with the employers.

MR. STROKE.

I can only say that if a fellow came to my counting-house, reeking of tobacco, I should send him to air himself for an indefinite period.

MR. TEMPLE.

Tobacco should be taken either as a sedative or a stimulant. We, worked and bored to death, need both, but what does a boy want with either ?

THE PROFESSOR.

The inference from his perpetually hankering to suck is that he has never been properly weaned. I will impart that doctrine on the next omnibus I take, and delight the young snobs therewith.

MR. TEMPLE.

Sir Alexander Cockburn—talking of omnibuses—said, the other day, in one of those "nursing" cases disputes, that the *acts* of the parties were what really constituted the case. As for the abusive language that was complained of, that was merely Ornamental Fringe.

MR. DROOPER.

Then the fringe-makers have full employment on some of the lines. If you have not travelled by the omnibuses, you have no idea of the war that rages. The struggle to "get the road," or to prevent the rival vehicle from getting it, assumes Homeric proportions. Spies lurk along the streets, ready to screech out hints to the drivers, the conductors recklessly dart from their perches, like Clotilda from her horse when she found Prince Tancred lying wounded, they crawl and peep round corners to see where the foe is, they set up howls and yells to urge their own drivers on, and the omnibus dashes through narrow streets, all out of its route, and where there is

not the slightest chance of a passenger, only to dodge the enemy. All this is very well, and not bad fun; but when the long halts come, and the crawling, also part of the manoeuvres, the travellers begin to be abusive. But not the least attention is paid to them, until the signal for another rush is given; and then when the rivals encounter, the shower of slang—what did Sir Alexander call it?—comes thick and fast, and one has the most splendid opportunities for studying the vulgar tongue.

## THE COLONEL.

The cabmen have been reformed by Act of Parliament. Why the deuce don't we have an Omnibus Act, and put an end to all this sort of ruffianism? To be sure, while organs are tolerated—

## THE PROFESSOR.

*Apropos* of organs, we shall have some good music next door, according to Mr. Gye's excellent programme. There are Grist—

[But the substance of the PROFESSOR's speech is in the Covent Garden advertisements.]

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We have this week to record the death of one who has earned an honourable name alike as a public servant and a man of science and letters,—William John Broderip, F.R.S., who died on Sunday last, having seen his three-score years and ten. The son of an attorney in large practice at Bristol, Mr. Broderip was educated with a view to the legal profession; was admitted to the bar in 1817; published a law book or two; and received from Sir Robert Peel the appointment of a metropolitan police magistrate. This office he held for the long period of thirty-four years, securing for himself general respect by his attention to his duties, the patience and the shrewdness with which he investigated the matters on which he had to decide, and the justice of his decisions. He retired at last on account of deafness. So far Mr. Broderip is only entitled to the praise due to every public servant who worthily discharges his duties, and retires when he feels he can no longer discharge them efficiently. But Mr. Broderip was one of those men who find time even in their busiest days to cultivate literature or science. By systematic occupation of his leisure hours he succeeded in making himself an excellent zoologist, and in acquiring a very considerable acquaintance with geology and the connected natural-history sciences. And what he learned he freely imparted. Perhaps few men of his day did more to popularise the study of scientific natural history. By far the larger part of the admirable zoological articles in the "Penny Cyclopædia" were written by him, and to these articles many an excellent naturalist owed his first introduction to the study, and the inducement to pursue it in an exact manner. Mr. Broderip was not a discoverer in his department of science, but he apprehended clearly the value and bearing of all the great discoveries of his time, and he had the rare talent of explaining them lucidly to those who did not possess his own scientific knowledge. The important investigations and discoveries of Professor Owen, for example, he did more than any else to make known to his countrymen. The articles in the "Penny Cyclopædia" are his most important contributions to popular science; but he is perhaps more generally known by his "Zoological Recreations," published in 1847, and his "Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist," published in 1852, two delightful works, but both substantially reprints of papers which originally appeared in monthly magazines. Mr. Broderip also wrote several valuable papers on natural history in the *Quarterly Review*, marked like all he wrote by scientific precision, and an entire freedom from the pedantry of scientific phraseology. He was a fellow of the Royal, the Geological, the Linnean, and the Zoological Societies—of the last he being one of the founders, and in his later years a vice-president. He was also for a time honorary secretary, and

afterwards vice-president of the Geological Society. To the Transactions of all these Societies he was a not infrequent contributor. At one time he paid a good deal of attention to conchology, and formed a remarkably fine collection of shells, which was purchased by the trustees of the British Museum. Mr. Broderip was also known in the world of art as a lover and a liberal purchaser of pictures. And that he continued his love of art and nature to the last, was shown by his purchasing at the present exhibition of the British Institution the 'Hot-house Flowers' of Mrs. Rimer, and the 'Thistles' of Mr. T. Worsey. Some of these particulars we have taken from a notice of Mr. Broderip in the Biographical Division of *The English Cyclopædia*, for which the data were furnished by himself.

We have also to record the decease of Mr. Mannel Johnson, the Radcliffe observer, a gentleman whose zeal and devotion in the cause of science has raised the Radcliffe Observatory to the highest rank among its fellows. A genial pen in the columns of one of our daily contemporaries has given an admirable sketch of his scientific career, and we are indebted to that source for this notice of the life and labours of a man whose fame as an astronomer is universal. Mr. Johnson was educated at Addiscombe, and in 1821 entered the Artillery. The leisure of a ten years' military residence at St. Helena guided him to the choice of that department of science which he adopted, by discovering to him his own scientific tastes and the line in which his power lay. The result of this discovered taste was the erection of the St. Helena Observatory, which was completed in 1829, after four years of preparation. Working here with meridian instruments—for he had no equatorially mounted telescope—he devoted his whole attention to the Southern Hemisphere, and the result of his labours, which appeared in 1835 in the shape of a "Catalogue of 606 Principal Fixed Stars of the Southern Hemisphere," attests his fidelity and industry as director of the Observatory of which he was the founder. This important catalogue is, besides the Madras catalogues, the only source for exact places of the fixed stars situated beyond the reach of the observatories of Europe. Returning to England, Mr. Johnson entered at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he went through the academical course. He had no sooner taken his degree than the Radcliffe Observatory became vacant by the death of Mr. Rigaud, and he received the appointment from the trustees. He now recommenced his astronomical labours, and selected as the region of his observations the circumpolar heavens. In 1849 the magnificent heliometer was mounted—a splendid instrument, the work of Repsold, of Hamburg, the erection of which Sir Robert Peel had intended to come to Oxford to inaugurate, being only prevented by his own sudden death in 1850. This is undoubtedly the finest instrument for exact differential measures in the world. The observations began very soon after its erection. They include a great number of double stars and other objects for which this instrument is particularly appropriate. The object of these observations was to determine the parallaxes of several fixed stars. In 1853 the first series of heliometer observations was published, together with an investigation of the parallaxes of 61 Cygni, and of the star 1830 Groombridge. Another series came out in 1857, together with an investigation of the parallaxes of Castor (a Geminorum), Arcturns (a Bootis), Vega (a Lyre), and of two other stars called in the volume a and b, which were of importance as means of establishing the parallax of 1830 Groombridge. The meteorological observations which started upon a very limited scale at the Radcliffe Observatory, received latterly a great expansion. In the autumn of 1854 the photographic process for registering meteorological observations was introduced, and it has been carried on every year since on an increasing scale. There are now going on, besides barometrical and thermometrical, other observations (also with photographic registration), to measure the amount of rain, of the velocity and direction of the wind, and, since the beginning of this

year, the amount of electricity in the atmosphere. To these scientific pursuits, which officially devolved upon him, and to which his main attention was given, Mr. Johnson added an extraordinary love of art. Cut off in a moment, in the midst of his work, when, in spite of temporary ill-health, he appeared to have a long useful life before him, he makes a sudden void in many hearts in which he would have been surprised to think he had a place.

We may remind our artistic friends, especially those in the country, that the days fixed for receiving pictures, &c., for the ensuing Exhibition of the Royal Academy, are Monday the 4th and Tuesday the 5th of April next.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, held their Second Soirée of the season at the French Gallery, on Tuesday last.

The second of the Artists and Amateurs' Conversazioni was held at Willis's Rooms on Thursday evening, and was a pleasant and well attended meeting. A distinguishing feature was a selection of the landscapes of Robert Tonge, contributed by Mr. Stanfield and other admirers of a true artist, whom the public did not learn to appreciate. Among the paintings by living artists displayed on the walls were Mr. J. F. Lewis's 'Kibab Shop, Scutari,' which attracted so much admiration at the last Royal Academy Exhibition, and which here looked even more beautiful than there; Mr. Frank Dillon's 'Colossi at Thebes,' a very charming work; several of Mr. Cooke's careful and refined 'Views about Venice'; 'Fruit,' by Lane; and some clever Devonshire scenes and studies by Mr. H. Moore, &c. There were also some excellent water-colour drawings by Cattermole, Fred. Tayler, and others; and numerous portfolios of sketches, including some capital interiors in Rome, Florence, and Venice, by Louis Haghe, and studies in oil made during last autumn at Boscastle, Tintagel, and that part of Cornwall, by Frank Quillon.

We have just received the *Catalogue of the Extraordinary Collection of Manuscripts formed by M. Libri*, and which is to be sold by auction, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, on the 28th of the present month and seven following days. As is well known, this is one of the most famous private collections in Europe. We find, from M. Libri's well-written Introduction, that it contains no fewer than seventy Latin MSS. older than the 12th century—a number larger than that of several of the public libraries of Europe noted for their MS. wealth. "All countries, all ages, and every branch of human learning are represented in it." The illuminations of some of the manuscripts are of especial value, comprising in fact more or less remarkable examples of early miniatures of every style and age. Some of these we may take an opportunity to notice when the collection is on view. At present we merely call the attention of such of our readers as are interested in early art and literature to the sale, adding for their information that the catalogue contains a valuable introduction on early manuscripts (of course with special reference to the present collection) from the pen of M. Libri; that a brief description is given of each of the more important of the 1190 lots, and that 37 plates are added of fac-similes from the rarer works.

Bristol, as the metropolis of the West of England, which has always been noted for its love of art, is going to have its own Art-Union. From the prospectus, the Bristol and West of England Art-Union, in connection with the Bristol Academy, appears to have already obtained the support of most of the local patrons of art, and to have secured a sufficient body of subscribers to insure a successful start. Subscribers for the present year are to have a copy of Thomas Landseer's engraving, from Sir Edwin Landseer's picture, "The Shepherd's Bible," and, of course, the chance of obtaining a prize in the distribution of paintings. The pictures are to be selected by the council: there are to be two prizes of 100*l.* each, and others of all values, down to a guinea and a half.

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On the occasion of the Burns Centenary Festival in Dumfries, some relics of the poet were exhibited—letters, poems, articles of furniture, &c. There were three copies of that daring satire, "Holy Willie's Prayer," in the bold handwriting of Burns, two of them bearing a motto by no means appropriate:

"And send the godly in a pet to pray."—Pope.

The following unpublished fragment possesses a biographical interest. It is part of a letter addressed by Burns to his wife, shortly after their marriage, before the house at Ellisland had been ready for their reception, and while "bonny Jean" was residing in Ayrshire:

"Ellisland, Friday, 12th Sept. 1788.  
"My dear love, I received your kind note with a pleasure which no letter but one from you could have given me. I dreamed of you the whole night; but, alas! I fear it will be three weeks ere I can hope for the happiness of seeing you. My harvest is going on. I have some to cut down still; but I put in two stacks to-day, so I am as well as a dog."..... (The rest torn off.)

The first season at Ellisland was the sunny period of Burns's existence. He had satisfied his conscience as well as his affection by marrying his Jean; he had ample means to build his house and stock his farm; his fame was established, and he looked forward with hope and joy to the future. "I have laid aside idle *écarts*," he writes, "and hind every day after my reapers." The next unpublished scrap shows us the dark and painful side of the picture. The farm was abandoned, and the downward Excise career was about to close. The poet's mortal illness was upon him. His wife was near her confinement, and he was within eleven days of his own death, when he thus wrote to his father-in-law, the stern James Armour, mason and elder:

"For Heaven's sake, and as you value the welfare of your daughter and my wife, do, my dearest sir, write to Mrs. Armour, to come if possible. My wife thinks she can yet reckon upon a fortnight. The medical people order me, as I value my existence, to fly to sea-bathing and country quarters; so it is ten thousand chances to one that I shall not be within a dozen miles of her when her hour comes. What a situation for her, poor girl!—without a single friend by her on such a serious moment. I have now been a week at salt water, and, though I think I have got some good by it, yet I have secret fears that this business will be dangerous, if not fatal.

"Your most affectionate son,  
"J. Burns."  
Mr. Armour had not come on the 18th, and the poet wrote again in still more urgent and affecting terms. This second appeal is in all the biographies. Burns had returned from the sea-side, convinced that his illness was to prove fatal, and in fact he died three days afterwards, on the 21st of July. The last thoughts of the unfortunate poet, and the last use of his pen were thus devoted to his domestic affections: his heart, though broken, still beat with true and manly feeling. Some books with inscriptions in Burns's hand were shown, and among them a copy of Collins's Poetical Works to "Jean Lorimer, a small but sincere mark of friendship from Robt. Burns." Miss Lorimer (the "lassie wi' the lint-white locks") adds her own name in more genteel orthography, "Jane Lorimer, 1794." A volume of Johnson's Musical Museum was inscribed with the fine lines "To Miss Jessie Lewars," beginning:

"Thine be the volumes, Jessie fair,  
And with them take the poet's prayer."

The date (not given in Burns's works) is "June 26th, 1796," and it adds to the interest of the lines to know that they were written within a month of the poet's death. Burns sometimes wrote "Poet" after his name, and in one of these treasured volumes he styles himself "The Ayrshire Bard." A small duodecimo, "Essays on Song Writing, with a collection of such Songs as are most eminent for Poetical Merit. Second Edition. Warrington, 1784," bears the following proud blazon in the poet's unmistakable hand: "This book was a present from the truly learned and worthy Dugald Stuart (sic) of Catrine, Esq., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard, Jan. 4th, 1787." A copy of his works, 1793, is inscribed, "Mr. White will accept of this book as a mark of most sincere friendship from a man who has ever had too much respect

for his friends and too much contempt for his enemies to flatter either the one or the other. The AUTHOR." This friend of the poet's was a teacher in the Dumfries Academy, a man locally eminent for his mathematical knowledge.

The Council of the Geologists' Association have taken rooms at 5, Cavendish Square, which will be open to the members every Monday at 7 p.m., and for reading papers on the second Monday in each month. The number of members is now 200, and there are thirty candidates for the next meeting, which will be held on Tuesday at St. Martin's Hall.

# FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 2.

HERE, what is just passing with regard to Rome, and the cessation of the double occupation of the Eternal City by the French and Austrian troops, does not, to say the truth, give any vast hopes of peace. People have been accustomed to think of this evacuation of Rome as of a certainty for the last six or eight weeks, and common sense tells them that Central Italy has nothing whatever to do with the northern part of the Peninsula, and that supposing the Pope and all the Cardinals, and all the *Congregazioni* to boot, to be as happy and comfortable as possible, and as ready to give reforms, as the Roman population to receive them gratefully; still all this golden age in the Papal States would not advance the affairs of Piedmont one atom; and after the settlement of the difficulties on the banks of the Tiber (even were they settled, which is far from being the case), those on the banks of the Po and the Ticino remain every bit as menacing and as intricate as before. That by some means, and under the colour of some pretext or other, the armies of France will, ere a year is over, come to a contest with those of Austria on the plains of Lombardy, seems now to be at the bottom of everyone's conviction here; and, as I said before, the fact even of the Roman complications being at rest, can in no shape whatever influence the complications which are still to be unravelled between Sardinia and Austria, and Sardinia and France. That question remains whole and entire, and has not advanced one step since the 1st of January, except in so far as the fact has become more certain of the close alliance between the two houses of Savoy and of the Bonapartes. There have been frequent messages lately between Turin and Paris, and I believe I can with confidence affirm that the French minister at the Sardinian Court, M. de Latour d'Auvergne came here a few days back expressly and for the sole purpose of impressing upon the mind of the Emperor Napoleon III. that matters stood in a very precarious condition with Victor Emmanuel and M. de Cavour, and that it might be advisable not to drive them to desperation. I am quite sure that his first communications at the Tuileries were anything rather than pleasant or re-assuring; and not forty-eight hours after his arrival a confidential agent was despatched to the father-in-law of Plon-Plon, in order to exhort him to patience, and to give no end of good reasons for the apparent delays of France in coming to his immediate assistance.

The poor little Princess Clotilde is thought already by those about her to be full of regrets for her sacrifice. Everything around her is at such complete variance with what have been her habits and her family traditions. Her mother, the late queen, was a mixture of real Angel and real Saint, and passed her life in doing good, and according to her creed, in trying by good works and charities to atone for the amiable little vices and elegant sins of her certainly not very moral spouse. Prince Napoleon's child-wife, when she saw her first day in Paris rise, asked her portly lord and master if he were not coming to early mass with her? it being her practice to attend mass every morning. His astonishment is described as quite excessive; and he declined, saying that he always went to mass on a Sunday. Considering the opinions and

associates of this worthy, and the fact (but too notorious) of his having, four or five years back, been one of the famous dinner-of-seven, at which Mmes Sand and Proudhon drew lots in a hat as to the existence or not of a Divine Creator: considering all this, it must be rather surprising to him to find himself husband to a young, pure creature, whose existence from her cradle upwards has been one of unvarying innocence, courtly reserve, rigid etiquette, and pious practices. Poor little thing! there is but one feeling here about her. Pity, universal pity! She had been used in her own country to be greeted by a hearty welcome whenever she appeared in public; here she is said to be hurt and awe-struck at the complete indifference, when not the air of hostile sullen defiance, with which every member of the Imperial family is met by the portion of the public that is not made up of disguised policemen. As to the Emperor and Empress, they are now well used to this; this poor child was not, and those of her countrywomen who see her sometimes, say it has inspired her with a kind of fore-dread of the Parisian populace. When she drives out, not a hat or cap is ever raised, and she now bows less than she did at first to the stolid-faced stagers who never acknowledge her courtesy.

A couple of weeks ago I hinted to you what were the habits and manners of the different cliques of society here, and allowed myself to allude to the exquisite and exclusive Faubourg St. Germain with what would here be styled graceless irreverence. Two anecdotes that are just now forming the staple commodity of conversation throughout the town, will show you that I did not exaggerate. The first is as follows: A young lady of immense fortune, and no birth, married not long ago a man of high birth and name. The lady has a brother whose patronymic appellation is naturally what was her own before marriage. The name is not a pretty one; there is no denying it; but as the bearer of it is a very worthy and well-educated young man, I will not even hint at it, but try to find an equivalent for it in English. Let us suppose a person calling himself, for instance, Mr. Hodgkins—the name has nothing wrong about it nor disgraceful; but pretty or aristocratic it decidedly is not; well then, *mettons* that our hero's name is Hodgkins. His sister gets him presented in one or two sublimely great houses of the Faubourg St. Germain, and for her sake he is invited to several magnificent festivities. Amongst others, he has the unheard-of honour of dancing yesterday week at Mme. P.'s ball. During the course of the said entertainment Mme. la Marquise de V., a very great lady, manages to get her foot caught in her cage, and to be in danger of making a most ridiculous tumble in the very middle of the great ball-room. Hodgkins flies to her assistance, rescues her from both danger and ridicule, and conducts her to a chair. The Marquise is expansively grateful, and showers expressions of her gratitude upon her "preserver." She makes him sit beside her, and talks to him for half the evening, at the end of which, having found him well brought up, well informed, agreeable, amiable, and remarkably gentlemanlike, she tells him that she receives once a-week, and names the day of her receptions, hoping he will attend them. A few days after, on the evening named, our hero goes forth to his evening duties at Mme. la Marquise de V.'s. In a handsome saloon, brilliantly lighted, some fifty persons of irreproachable elegance are assembled. A servant appears at the further end of a second or third drawing-room, and the name of Hodgkins is cast sonorously into the perfumed space. Hodgkins! who can that be? The words are suspended on the lips of every speaker, dumb, vacant astonishment sits on every brow; the lady of the house looks blank with consternation—who can Mr. Hodgkins be? The unlucky party, unsuspecting his direful fate, walks straight up to the terrible Marquise, and bows with a serene and smiling aspect. Mme. de V. coolly asks him what affords her the honour of his visit; says there must be some mistake, &c.; to which of course, Hodgkins answers that

no possibility of a mistake can exist, seeing that M<sup>me</sup>. la Marquise did him the favour of inviting him personally at the ball at M<sup>me</sup>. P.'s, and he briefly recalls under what circumstances! The haughty dame looks more frigid than before, and with a withering glance, says: "It may be so, but I had quite forgotten it;" to which the victim indignantly replies, "And so, I beg to say, have I!" with which words, and without bowing, he turns on his heel and leaves the salon, and the house. The truth was, that Madame de V. had never asked her new acquaintance's name; but had supposed that, meeting him at Madame P.'s, he must belong to *la fleur des pois*. Had he saved her life, she could not have taken upon herself to treat him as her equal, and as to submitting to have the name of Hodgkins echoed through her salons, rely upon it she would sooner go to the scaffold!

Now, the other anecdote illustrates another feature of social deterioration here. It passed at the Duchesse d'I.'s last ball. A figure of the cotillon was arranged so as that four young men were led round to choose their partners by one of them who bore a mask on his face. The masked dancer fell to the lot of Madame d'I., who drew back and said she would not dance with any one she did not know. Expostulations were lost upon her. She persisted, and at last the Duchesse d'I. tried her powers of eloquence, and ended by saying, "But you might suppose that whoever is in my house is a person fit to be known by you."—"That is precisely what I do not suppose!" ejaculated the rebellious *valseuse*. "I think the society here so very mixed, that I certainly will dance with no man in a mask!" It is easy to fancy what followed. A few more words in the tone of the above were exchanged, and Madame d'I. sailed forth from the salons of the Duchesse d'I. with the dignified rustle of an offended peacock!

And this, after three revolutions that have borne wood-merchants to the highest places in the State, mixed the blood of Montmorencys with that of stockbrokers, and set crowns on ale-house keepers' sons' heads! When will these people learn anything? M. de Talleyrand was wrong to say they had "forgotten nothing." They have forgotten the best traditions of their history. They have forgotten that under *Le Grand Roi*, whom nobody ever accused of being careless of good company, the three daughters of Colbert (who was a gardener's son) married three of the first dukes in France (which event could not take place now), and that no one was silly enough to dream of prating of *mésalliance*, but on the contrary deemed it an honour to be allied to the children of an illustrious man; they have forgotten that at the time when the French noblesse was of some real importance, merit was admitted to compete for rank, and for the highest social distinctions, and that this foolish idolatry for an empty name dates only from the moment when the name was literally all that was left to people who had upon earth no other superiority to show. As I said once before, all this might be simply ridiculous if it did not mark the complete deterioration of the higher classes here. That is never an indifferent matter. Suppose are very long, changes that shall bring back again into political activity the more aristocratic classes here, and think upon what degree of fitness to rule there is in these vain, silly, retrograde individuals, for whom a D'Orleans even is a "usurper!"

Paris, Wednesday.

Although war, horrid war, seems on the eve of taking place, and though commercial activity is, if not as some journals state, altogether suspended, at least lessened in consequence, the publishing of books has thus far gone on in the usual course. The most important of those that have recently appeared is undoubtedly the additional volume of M. Guizot's "Mémoires;" a translation of which has by this time probably appeared in London. You will pass your own judgment on the work; but here people say that

the distinguished statesman and orator makes too much of himself, and that his manner of speaking of his contemporaries is with few exceptions either harsh or unjust. They say, too, that though it is undoubtedly interesting to read the opinions of M. Guizot on the events in which, and the men with whom he was mixed up, during one of the most momentous periods of French history, he really adds little, very little, to the fund of historical information previously possessed. Another work, which is making not a little noise, is entitled "L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution." It is by M. Creteineau-Joly, a writer of considerable power, who is noted for his devoted attachment to the Catholic Church; and it takes as a motto, the Horatian line, "*Mercens profundo pulchrior evenit*." From the name of the writer and the motto, the reader will have little difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the work is a laboured vindication of the Roman Catholic Church, in its grand conflict with the Revolution which France inaugurated in 1789, and which has since kept all Continental Europe ill at ease. The book is one of that kind which will excite the intense admiration of one party, the vehement denunciation of another. By conscientious Catholics all over the world, and by "friends of order" in Europe, who understand the word "order" in the Continental sense, it will be read with enthusiasm for the principles it espouses, with admiration for the great literary talent it undoubtedly displays. By those who hate the Church of Rome and abhor Continental "order," it will be proclaimed bad in principle, partial in its appreciation of men and events, and unjust towards the Revolution, in so far as the latter is considered a movement in favour of human liberty; whilst the literary ability of the book, which cannot be denied, will appear a "delusion and a snare." But apart from these two factions, who are equally prejudiced and violent, there exists in every country, and in none more than in England, a large body of men who, though they may be sincere Catholics or Protestants in religion, and in favour of liberalism or "order" in politics, can still read with interest a work written in opposition to their views, and can ungrudgingly award the writer the praise he may appear to have earned. To such men this book may be honestly recommended. They will find it singularly instructive, inasmuch as it shows the manner in which that wonderful semi-religious, semi-political institution, the Church of Rome, regards the great events which have convulsed Europe during the last seventy years, and what it thinks of many of the leading men who have played a part therein. They will gather from it, too, some indication of what that church expects in the future. To what is here said, I may add that the book contains some unpublished official documents, which are of great interest, and which throw much light on events hitherto more or less obscure. On the negotiations which took place between the first Napoleon and Pius VII., very curious relations are, in particular, made.

A third book, which is exciting not a little attention, and which has already attained a second edition, is M. Amédée Renée's "Louis XVI. et sa Cour." The subject is assuredly not new; and M. Renée, though unpublished documents have been communicated to him, has certainly not added much to one's knowledge of it. But the book is written with graceful ease, displays that lucidity of composition which the French sometimes possess in an eminent degree, is indulgent to the unfortunate Louis XVI., and attempts to do justice to his lion-hearted queen. And for all this it pleases the people, and is read.

Africa appears destined to figure largely in French literature as a field of sporting adventure. More than one volume has the lion-killing Gerard filled with records of his exploits in the north of that continent; and now Count Alfred de Bréhat, one of the most admired *conteurs* of the day, taking us to the south of the same continent, in a volume entitled "*Les Filles du Boer*," gives some very marvellous, but doubtless very truthful, histories of hunting deeds amongst lions, and elephants, and buffaloes, and of hair-breadth escapes

from serpents and dangerous animals, and from perils innumerable by flood and field; interspersed with all which is a very interesting love story, and well-drawn pictures of English and Dutch life in the Cape of Good Hope. The hero and some of the principal personages of the book are English; but M. de Bréhat has too much good sense to make them gross caricatures, as French writers generally do with English people. His book ought to be translated; it could not fail to interest greatly a large circle of readers.

The princes of the Orleans family are occupying their exile by literary labour. The Prince de Joinville wrote an article in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which is exciting much attention; the Duc d'Annam lately published a learned treatise on the precise site of the battle of Alesia, which Vercingetorix the Gallic hero sustained against Caesar, a question which has caused much perplexity amongst French archaeologists, there being two places of nearly the same name, presenting nearly the same local peculiarities, and being alike in accord with what is known of the movements of Caesar in his seventh campaign. The Duke for his part pronounces that Alesia was in Burgundy. Not having studied the matter, I shall not be guilty of the presumption of expressing an opinion on it; but I may observe that if his royal highness be not right, he at least gives excellent reasons for his opinion.

Two new pieces have been brought out at the theatres during the past week—one entitled *Revue d'Amour*, at the Français, the other *L'Outrage*, at the Porte St. Martin. The former I have not yet seen; the latter is of such a nature that no Englishman can witness it without wondering first of all that it should be licensed by the authorities, and next that it should be tolerated by the public.

## SCIENTIFIC.

### MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- MON. Royal Institution 2 P.M. General Monthly Meeting.  
— Royal Academy, 8 P.M. Mr. Westmacott, "On Sculpture."  
— Royal Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M.  
— United Service Institution, 8.30 P.M. Captain Fiebourn, R.N., "On the Effect of the Introduction of Rifled Cannon on Naval Architecture."  
TUES. Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Owen, "On Fossil Mammals."  
— Institution of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. Discussion upon Mr. Mallet's paper "On the Co-elasticity of Elasticity and of Rupture in Wrought Iron." And if time permits, "Account of Experiments upon Elliptical Cast Iron Arches," by Mr. T. F. Chappé, M.I.C.E.  
— Zoological Society, 9 P.M. Scientific Business.  
— Geologists' Association, 7 P.M. In the Library of St. Martin's Hall. Professor Tennant, F.G.S., will read a paper on "Mineralogy, applied to Geology."  
WED. British Archaeological Association 8.30 P.M. Mr. Wakeman, "On Kitchen's Account of the Fourteenth Century, relating to the Abbey of Tewkesbury." Mr. Halliwell, "On a Notice of the Death of King John." Mr. Syer Cuming, "On Old English Arrow Heads."  
— Geological Society, 9 P.M. Papers to be read: 1. "On the Tin-ore at Evigtok, Greenland." By J. Y. Taylor, Esq. Communicated by Sir W. C. Trevelyan, F.G.S. 2. "On some Minerals from the neighbourhood of Tabreez, Persia." By the Hon. C. A. Murray. Forwarded from the Foreign Office. 3. "On the Permian Chittonide of Durham." By J. W. Kirkby, Esq. Communicated by T. Davidson, Esq., F.G.S.  
— Society of Arts, 8 P.M. Mr. William Hawser, "On the Cape Colony; its Products and Resources."  
— United Service Institution, 3 P.M. The Rev. W. Ellis, "On Madagascar and its Inhabitants." "On the Force of Gravity."  
THURS. Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On Volatile Organic Acids of the Berry of the Mountain Ash. Dr. C. B. Radcliffe, "On Muscular Action from an Electrical Point of View." Mr. G. B. Buckton, "Further Remarks on the Organo-Metallic Radicals—Mercuric, Stannic, and Plumbic Ethyl." No. III.  
— Royal Academy, 8 P.M. Mr. Hart, "On Painting."  
— Society of Antiquaries, 8 P.M.  
FRI. Royal Institution. Meeting at 8 P.M. Lecture at 9 P.M. W. Odling, M.B., "On Magnesium, Calcium, Lanthium, and their Congeners."  
— United Service Institution, 3 P.M. Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, "On Meteorology."  
SAT. Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Dr. W. A. Miller, "On Organic Chemistry."

SOCIETY  
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**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—At the meeting held on Wednesday, the 23rd ult., Thomas Sopwith, Esq., F.R.S., occupied the chair. The paper read was "On the Library, Books and Binding, particularly with Reference to their Preservation and Restoration," by Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A. The author began by saying that he would not so much dwell upon the value of individual rarities in either books or bindings, but rather direct attention to the better order or good government of a library,—a subject of considerable importance. After giving various details as to the best mode of arranging the book-cases, as well as the means which had been found most suitable for protecting their contents, he drew attention to the unfavourable effect on the bindings of external dryness, and the injury apt to be done by the action of gas when improperly managed. The author described the various means of restoring old books, which he said should not be actually rebound, unless in a very dilapidated state. As a material for binding, there was nothing equal to morocco. Undyed calf was much more durable than the coloured leather at present employed; and the old style of binding was upon the whole stronger and more lasting. The author concluded by giving many useful hints as to the avoidance of some of the common faults in the modern system of binding. A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Spencer Hall, R. Harrison, G. F. Wilson, F.R.S., Hyde Clarke, John Bethell, Mr. Wheatley, the Chairman, and others took part. It was followed by communications from Dr. Letheby, W. Chambers, and a discussion in which Spencer Hall, F.S.A. (Athenaeum), Robt. Harrison (London Library), E. F. Wilson, F.R.S., Hyde Clarke, and others took part; and was illustrated by specimens lent by Sir E. Price, Bart., W. Stirling, M.P., Robt. Turner, Esq., B. Botfield, M.P., R. J. Spiers, F.S.A., and the lecturer.

Wednesday, March 2nd, the Very Reverend the Dean of St. Paul's in the chair. The following gentlemen were duly elected members: Capt. F. S. Bentley, Messrs. W. Lawson, J. Moreland, G. C. Scorer, and E. Sercombe. The paper read was "On Colouring Sculpture," by Professor Westmacott, R.A. The author stated that the study of the finest productions in the highest walks of the arts of design had led to the establishment of certain fixed principles, upon which the judgment of ages had determined that such art could alone be safely practised. In the imitative arts of painting and sculpture especially, the proper limits of each had been well and carefully defined. Those who advocated the painting of statues, however, appeared to do so principally on the ground that it was frequently done in ancient times, and this did not in his opinion prove the propriety of its being done in the present day. It might moreover be questioned whether the practice was originated by any of the great masters of sculpture. It might be laid down as a distinct rule that the legitimate province of sculpture was to represent by form, and that what was not represented by form did not come under the true definition of sculpture. Sculpture when employed in architecture lost its distinctive or special character. After examining quotations from classic authors as to the use of colour by the ancients, he concluded by making some general remarks upon the importance of not allowing the art of sculpture to degenerate into a possible means of corruption. A discussion ensued, in which Professor Donaldson, Messrs. John Bell, Lane, J. G. Grace, and the chairman took part.

**ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—A crowded meeting of this Society was held on Monday week at Burlington House, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair.

The papers read were—

1. On the Aurora Borealis in Greenland, by J. W. Taylor, Esq., communicated by Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., F.R.G.S.

2. Discovery by Captain Palliser, F.R.G.S., and Dr. Hector, of Practicable Passes through the Rocky Mountains within the British possessions, communicated by the Right Hon. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P., Her Majesty's Secretary of

State for the Colonies. The reports from Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector were accompanied by a map of the country explored, from field sketches by Captain Palliser, Dr. Hector, and Mr. Sullivan, and astronomical observations. Captain Palliser commences by stating that the expedition had succeeded in discovering a practicable pass for horses, and also one that could easily be made available for carts, the incline being only 40 feet in a mile, or 1 in 135, and which would connect the prairies of the Saskatchewan with the British possessions on the west side of the Rocky Mountains. He then proceeds to detail the arrangements of the expedition, its separation into detachments, and his arrival at Battle River—a large but un navigable tributary of the Saskatchewan—in the neighbourhood of which pines of large growth existed, the numbers, however, had been greatly thinned by the frequent and disastrous habit of the Indians of setting the prairie on fire, thus sacrificing, year after year, millions, which would bring wealth, warmth, and means of transport to the future settler. Proceeding in a westerly direction, the expedition camped at the edge of the woods, in lat. 51 deg. 52 m. N., long. 114 deg. 10 m. W., and arrived at "Staughter Camp." Dr. Hector having been despatched on a geological tour, and Lieutenant Blakiston to the mountains, by the two known Kutanie Passes, Captain Palliser continued in a southerly course, reached the boundary line on the 8th of August, and then started to seek for a pass across the Rocky Mountains, up the north side of the south branch of the Saskatchewan or Bow River, passing the mouth of the Kananaski River, and reached the "height of land" between the waters of that river and a tributary of the Kutanie, 5985 feet above the sea; and then commenced the descent, the only obstacle to which arose from fallen timber. Captain Palliser re-crossed the mountains by the Kutanie Pass, which was found to be within the British Territory, and was joined by Dr. Hector. Alluding to Dr. Hector's explorations, Captain Palliser draws particular attention to two facts connected with them.

1. He followed the Bow River right up the main water line of the continent, continued along it until he reached a transverse water-parting, which divides the waters of the Columbia and those of the N. Saskatchewan on the one hand, from those of the Kutanie and S. branch of the Saskatchewan on the other. There he found the facilities for crossing the mountains so great as to have little doubt in his mind of the practicability of constructing even a railroad, connecting the plains of the Saskatchewan with the opposite side of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains.

2. That the water-line of the mountains is not identical with the geological axis.

The several passes are thus enumerated:

1. From S. branch of the Saskatchewan to Kutanie River, *two*, i.e., Kananaski Pass and Vermilion Pass.

2. From Kutanie River to Columbia; *two*, i.e., the Lake Pass and Beaver Foot Pass.

3. From S. branch of the Saskatchewan to N. branch; *one*, i.e., the Little Fork Pass.

4. From S. branch of the Saskatchewan to the Columbia; *one*, i.e., the Kicking Horse Pass.

The President, in commenting upon the reports which had been read, reminded the Fellows that the expedition was fostered in the first instance by the Royal Geographical Society, and that they had therefore great reason to be proud of such successful results as those which had attended it. After briefly alluding to the praiseworthy efforts made by Captain Palliser and his associates Hector, Blakiston, and Sullivan, in a preceding year, in defining the character of the great region between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg, and thence extending to the Red River settlement (a region also explored by men of science sent thither by the Canadian government), he begged the gentlemen who might be disposed to speak to confine their attention chiefly to the last discoveries, which indicated first, the rich quality of the soil over a vast prairie country, watered by the upper affluents of the North and South Saskatchewan rivers; and next, the exist-

ence of passes through the Rocky Mountains within the British territory, i.e., between 49 deg. and 51½ deg. N. lat., which had been for the first time examined by men of science who had determined the geographical position, relative altitudes of the mountains, and their mineral character. He pointed out that it was a remarkable and satisfactory datum, that although in this portion of its range the chain rose to much loftier summits than in its prolongation to the south, the depression or passes in it were shown to be about 2000 feet lower than those by which the Americans can travel into the central parts of California. He then adverted to the great interest which necessarily attached to these discoveries in relation to the establishment of a line of intercourse between the great eastern or Atlantic water-parting of British North America, and the newly-established colony of British Columbia, with its gold fields on *terra firma*, and the great coal deposits of Vancouver Island on the Pacific.

The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Ball and Lord Bury, after which, in adjourning it, the President stated that Sir E. B. Lytton had not only kindly communicated the despatches which had been read, but had further acceded to the request of Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector, that they might be permitted to return to England next summer, by revisiting the passes they had discovered, and by exploring British Columbia on their road to the Pacific; thus highly gratifying all geographers.

**GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—February 2nd, 1859. Prof. J. Phillips, President, in the chair. The following communication was read:—"On the mode of formation of Volcanic Cones and Craters."

By G. Poulett Scrope, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., F.G.S. The author commenced by saying that he should not have referred again to this subject, already briefly treated by him in a paper read to the Society in April, 1856, had it not been that Baron Humboldt, in the recently published fourth volume of his "Kosmos," applies the whole weight of his great authority to the support of the theory of upheaval in contradistinction to eruption as the *vera causa* of volcanic cones and craters,—a theory which the author, with Sir Charles Lyell, M. Constant Prévost, and many others, believes to be not merely erroneous, but destructive of all clearness of apprehension as to the character of the subterranean forces, and the part which volcanic action has played in the structural arrangement of the earth's surface. He showed, by reference to the works of Spallanzani, Dolomieu, Breislak, &c., that the early observers of volcanic rocks and phenomena, together with the unscientific world, looked upon volcanic cones and craters, whether large or small, as the result of volcanic eruptions; but that of late years a new doctrine had been propagated by MM. Humboldt, von Buch, Elie de Beaumont, and Dufrenoy, which denies altogether that volcanic mountains have been formed by the accumulation of erupted matters, and attributes them solely to a sudden "bubble-shaped swelling-up" of pre-existing horizontal strata,—the bubble sometimes bursting at top and then leaving its broken sides tilted up around a hollow (elevation-crater). The author expressed his belief that this notion originated in Baron Humboldt's account of the eruption of Jorullo in 1759, in which (as the author showed in his work on volcanos of 1825) a great error had been committed,—the convexity of the Malpais and its five hills being simply a bulky bed of lava poured out on a flat plain from five ordinary cones of eruption, and the "hornitos" common "fumaroles" coated over with black mud produced from showers of volcanic ashes mixed with rain-water. But the idea of a "bladder-like swelling-up" of horizontal strata into volcanic hills being thus started by M. von Humboldt, it was further extended by M. von Buch; and hence arose the "elevation-crater" theory. The author next proceeded to show the inconsistencies of the advocates of this theory, who disagree among themselves as to the extent to which they apply it. MM. Humboldt, von Buch, and Dufrenoy asserting both Somma and Vesuvius, the Peak of

Teneriffe, and all Etna, to be solely due to sudden upheaval, while M. de Beaumont declares Vesuvius, the Peak, and the upper cone of Etna to be the products of eruption only. Again, while except M. Dufrénoy all admit the minor cones and craters of Etna, Vesuvius, Lanzarote, and Central France to be eruptive, all declare the similar cones and craters of the Phlegrean fields to be due only to upheaval. They offer no reliable test by which upheaval can be distinguished from eruptive cones; or when they attempt this, differ again from one another, and even from themselves. Thus von Buch considers the extreme regularity of the slopes of Etna a proof of its upheaval. M. de Beaumont asserts regularity of outline to be the distinguishing feature of an eruptive cone, and yet declares the upper and the lower portions of Etna, which are its least symmetrical parts, to be of eruptive origin, and the intermediate cone, the slope of which is extremely regular, to have been upheaved! In respect to the tuff-cones and craters of the Phlegrean fields, the series from Somma to the Monte Nuovo is so evidently of similar character, that to avoid classing the first as an eruption-cone, the upheavalists have been driven to deny that the Monte Nuovo itself was the product of eruption, and even to assert that it existed in the Roman era, and was only sprinkled with a few ashes by the eruption which, from all contemporary authorities, threw it up in two days of the year 1538! The author describes the circular anticlinal dip of the strata of the Monte Nuovo and other tuff-cones of the Campi Phlegrei as utterly inexplicable upon the theory of upheaval, while it is the natural result of the fall and accumulation of fragmentary materials projected upwards by eruptions. He then disputes the truth of M. de Beaumont's dogma, that lava cannot consolidate into a solid bed upon a slope exceeding 5° or 6°, and shows, from numberless instances in Auvergne and the Vivarais, on Etna, Vesuvius, Teneriffe, &c., that bulky beds of lava have congealed on steep slopes,—in some cases, as for example in that of Jorullo itself, in the form of a massive promontory projecting far from the side of the cone from the crater of which it issued; in others when liquidity was at the *minimum*, in that of a dome or bell (Bourbon, Puy de Dôme, &c.). In regard to Etna, he leaves M. de Beaumont's misrepresentations of fact to be dealt with by Sir C. Lyell, only remarking that, on M. de Beaumont's own showing, the portion of Etna which he supposes to have been upheaved, is positively "encrusted with a coating of lavas." The inapplicability of the elevation-theory to the Cantal, Mt. Dore, and Mezeze in France is then shown, inasmuch as, by M. de Beaumont's own admission, the angle of slope of their basaltic and trachytic beds is even less than that of the recent and acknowledged lava-flows in the same district. Finally, he asks what has become of the products of the repeated eruptions of volcanoes, if they have not accumulated in the course of ages into the mountains which we find there, composed of irregular alternating beds of lava and conglomerate just such as we see to be erupted from the central orifices? The author next shows that the upheavalists have no correct idea of the mode of formation of craters, which are not formed, as they assert, at one blow, by a single explosion, like the bursting of a bubble, or of a mine of gunpowder, but by the repetition of explosions or flashings of steam from the surface of ebullient lava within the volcanic vent (like those of a colossal Perkins's steam-motor), continued for weeks and months, or more, by which the mountain is often ultimately eviscerated, its summit and heart being blown into the air, and scattered in fragments or ashes around—not foundering into the cavity and remaining there as they represent. He instances the great crater of Vesuvius formed under his eyes in 1822 by explosions lasting twenty days; and judging from the quantity of fragmentary matter then ejected and falling around, comparing it with the far greater quantities thrown up occasionally by eruptive paroxysms in other quarters of the globe, he asserts his belief that in the latter cases craters may be, and are, formed, of several miles in diameter, nothing remaining of the whole

mountain except the wreck of its base, as we see in Santorini, the Cirque of Teneriffe, and so many other circular cliff ranges, surrounding extinct or active volcanic vents. He expresses his astonishment that Von Buch and Humboldt should have supposed Vesuvius to have "sprung up like a bubble in one day, just as we now see it, in the year 79 A.D., and not to have increased since; and shows that even within the last hundred years great changes have taken place in the form of that mountain, and that the relation of Pliny of the phenomena witnessed by him is inconsistent with the idea of upheaval, and demonstrative of the occurrence of an eruptive paroxysm by which the upper part of Somma was blown by degrees into the air, and the crater of the Atrio formed, in which the subsequent eruptions of eighteen centuries have raised up the cone of Vesuvius.

In recapitulation, the author declares that the characters of all volcanic mountains and rocks are simply and naturally to be accounted for by their eruptive origin, the lavas and fragmentary matters accumulating round the vent in forms determined in great degree by the more or less imperfect fluidity of the former, which, as in case of some trachytic lavas, glassy or spongy, may and do congeal in domes or bulky masses immediately over, or in thick beds near the vent, or, as in that of some basaltic lavas, may flow over very moderate declivities, to great distances; and consequently that the upheaval or elevation-crater-theory is a gratuitous assumption, unsupported by direct observation and contrary to the evidence of facts. He concludes by representing its continued acceptance to be discreditable to science, and an impediment to the progress of sound geology, inasmuch as false ideas of the bubble-like inflation, at one stroke, of such mountains as Etna or Chimborazo must seriously affect all our speculations on Geological Dynamics, and on the nature of the subterranean forces by which other mountain-ranges or continents are formed.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Feb. 5. Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., Vice President. Mr. Cosmo Innes gave an account of the chapel of St. Govan, on the coast of Pembrokeshire, near Stackpole Head, and of the well or baptistery of that saint, still held in no slight veneration as efficacious in the cure of certain diseases, as also St. Govan's bed or coffin, an interstice between two large slabs of rock. Mr. Innes wished to invite attention to various places believed to have been used for penance by hermits and the earliest preachers of Christianity in the British Islands; many examples occur in Ireland, as also in North Britain. He pointed out also a curious mixing up of mythical personages or characters of romance with such saintly hermits, as in the case of St. Govan, with whose vestiges in Pembrokeshire the history of Gawayne, the hero of the Round Table and the court of King Arthur appears to have been sometimes confounded. Mr. Vaux read some notices of a remarkable hoard of Cufic coins and Saxon ornaments of silver lately found in Yorkshire, near Goldsborough church. They were brought to the Meeting by the Hon. and Rev. J. Lascelles, rector of the parish. The oriental coins are those of various princes of the Samanian dynasty, from the year 892 to 932, and with these were found two Saxon coins, one of Alfred, and one of Eadweard the elder, being of the same period precisely as the Cufic pieces. There were also found numerous fragments of silver armlets, brooches, and other ornaments, silver ingots, and fragments of ingots cut off by a sharp tool, precisely as in the remarkable discovery made in 1840 at Cuerdale, near Preston. The objects there found are now in the British Museum. Mr. Hawkins stated that the numerous discoveries of Cufic coins, with silver ornaments and ingots, on the shores of the Baltic, as also in a few instances in our own country, supply positive evidence of extensive commercial intercourse in the ninth and tenth centuries between the interior of Asia and Scandinavia, carried on doubtless by caravans across Russia. About 10,000 coins of the Samanian dynasty have been found on the shores of the Baltic; upwards of 30,000 Oriental coins of all

periods have already been described by one of the northern antiquaries. Mr. Stuart, Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, communicated the recent satisfactory adjustment of the question of treasure trove in that country. The result of a memorial to the Treasury had been that an official order from that department just announced recognises the rights of finders of ancient coins, gold and silver ornaments, or other relics in Scotland, to receive from the Treasury their full value on delivering them up on behalf of the crown to the sheriff of the county in which they may be found. The formal notice promulgated by the Queen's Remembrancer on Jan. 20 ult., was read; it has already been widely circulated in North Britain, and must doubtless speedily bring in many rich accessions to the National Museum in Edinburgh. A discussion ensued relating to the evils which have arisen in England from the ancient claim of treasure trove, on behalf of the crown, and various suggestions were made by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Carrington, Mr. W. Wynne, M.P., and other members; and Mr. Hawkins observed that in several recent instances great liberality had been shown by the Treasury and finders of coins or precious objects rendered up as treasure trove, the full value having been given, and the objects deposited in various public collections. Dr. Keller, President of the Antiquaries of Zurich, sent an account of some remarkable traces of ancient metallurgy in Switzerland. Mr. Minty described some remarkable discoveries lately made in deepening Portsmouth Harbour, and he brought an assemblage of urns and ancient remains, which had been discovered in the accumulated silt, exemplifying a succession of periods; the objects found at the greatest depth being Roman. Mr. W. Wynne, M.P., gave an account of some antiquities which he brought for examination, lately found in North Wales, and Mr. George Scharf offered some observations on a very beautiful painting by Hans Memlinck, a diptych which exhibits the portrait of the duchess of Bourbon, daughter of Charles VII., King of France. It is now in the possession of the Rev. J. Fuller Russell, who brought this choice work of art for exhibition. Among other objects produced were a very fine enamelled tablet painted by Nardon Penicand; an enamelled casket, with Bacchanalian subjects, long preserved by an ancient family in Monmouthshire; a collection of antiquities from the frontiers of Switzerland, presented to the society by Mrs. Alexander Kerr; a curious bronze thurible, found near Corwen church, and other interesting specimens of ancient art.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—Thursday, Feb. 24. H. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair. Mr. Vaux gave an account of the recent discovery of 500 early Arabic coins at Ordonbad, in the district of Erivan, in Georgia. These coins were found by a peasant in November last, and consist entirely of the money of the dynasty of the Jelairide. They appear to have been struck between the years A.D. 1361—1380, at various places of Syria, Persia, and Armenia, by three princes, who bear the names of Sheikh Oweis, Shah Shuja, and Jelaeddin. The coins of these rulers are not common, but the British Museum possesses a small collection of them, obtained some years since from Russia. These new coins have been for the present deposited in the collection of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, and in the Museum of the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—Feb. 17th, Dr. Allen Miller, V.P., in the chair. Messrs. T. W. Salter, J. W. Kynaston, W. Winsor, and H. Matthews, were elected fellows. Dr. Gilbert read a paper "On the composition of the animal portion of our food, and on its relations to bread." The general conclusions were, that only a small proportion of the increase of a fattening animal was composed of nitrogenous matter; that from five to ten per cent. only of the nitrogenous matter of the food was stored up in the body of the animal; but that



the amount of fat stored up was frequently greater than the amount supplied in the food, despite the loss incurred in the maintenance of the respiratory function. Hence the comparative values of fattening foods were proportional rather to the amounts of respiratory than of assumed flesh-forming constituents. It was calculated that in those portions of the carcasses of oxen actually consumed as human food, the amount of dry fat was from two to three times as great as the amount of dry nitrogenous matter, and in the eaten portions of the carcasses of sheep and pigs, more than four times as great. By substituting for the above proportions of fat, their respiratory equivalents in starch, so as to allow of a comparison between meat and bread, the ratios become 6 or 7 to 1, and 11 to 1 respectively. From the independent determinations of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, Dr. F. Watson, and Dr. Adling, it appeared that in wheat bread the ratio of starch to nitrogenous matter was as 6 or 7 to 1, so that in bread the proportion of assumed flesh-forming constituents to respiratory constituents, was greater than in the eaten portions of sheep and pigs, and quite equal to that of the eaten portions of oxen, a conclusion altogether opposed to the prevalent notions on the subject.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—The paper read on Tuesday last, the 1st inst. was "On the Co-efficients of Elasticity and of Rupture in Wrought Iron," by Mr. R. Mallet, M.I.C.E.

## FINE ARTS.

**The Epochs of Painting Characterized: A Sketch of the History of Painting, Ancient and Modern, showing its gradual and various development from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time.** By Ralph Nicholson Wornum, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. (Murray.)

We are glad to see a new and revised edition of this convenient manual. It was, in its original form, one of the many good books which were published in Mr. Knight's Monthly Volumes. We read it at the time, and have since often referred to it, and are therefore pretty well acquainted with its character. At its first publication, a dozen years ago, it was the most comprehensive and accurate sketch of the history of painting in the language: and as now enlarged and revised it is certainly as much as ever entitled to the same praise. But in fact it is something more than a sketch—or if it be a sketch it is a panoramic one: that is, it delineates the entire territory. Commencing with the earliest trace of painting in Egypt and Assyria, the author takes a rapid survey of the art among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and marks its decline and virtual extinction; again follows it step-by-step from its revival in the thirteenth century, to its culmination in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in Italy and the Netherlands; and then accompanies it onwards through its various phases down to the present day.

This was done in the original edition which forms, in fact, the staple of the present. But since then, Mr. Wornum—already one of the best informed of our writers on the history of painting—has read much and seen much of early as well as of late art; and from his connection with the National Gallery, has been compelled, so to speak, to review his former opinions. The result of his reading and experience he has embodied here. He has not, however, told his readers where and how he has enlarged his Sketch. We have compared the old and the new edition, and find the additions to be made where, looking at the progress of art-literature and the changes in art-criticism during the past dozen years, we might have most expected to find them. He has added in his clear condensed manner a good deal of information respecting the immediate predecessors of Raphael as well as his contemporaries, especially those of the school of Florence. The early trans-Alpine painters are much more fully treated of, parti-

cularly Mabuse, Matsys, and Albert Durer. Some further information is given respecting Spanish painting, and the literature of Spanish art. Rembrandt and his contemporaries and followers are also spoken of at greater length. In the French school a biographical sketch is given of the Clouets; and a brief but well written and discriminating notice of recently deceased French painters, including Gericault, Delaroche, and Ary Scheffer. The account of our own school of painting is enlarged by biographical and critical notices of Gainsborough, Opie, Lawrence, Wilkie, Haydon, Etty, and Turner. And finally, in his concluding chapter, Mr. Wornum has extended his view of the prospects of art by an examination of the character and probable influence of that style of painting which originated with Overbeck and his associates in Germany, and has been followed, with a difference, by a section of our own younger painters. His remarks on this subject strike us as being extremely well-considered and sensible—perhaps the more so as they agree pretty nearly with those we have ourselves taken various occasions to put forward. They are too long to quote entire, but a brief extract, though seen to disadvantage dissociated from its context, may be given as an example of the way in which the author mingles reflection and argument with his narrative. He is speaking of the real Pre-Raphaelite painters, and of modern Pre-Raphaelism:

"If Orcagna or Fra Angelico had clothed their sentiment with the form and beauty of Raphael, and invigorated it with his dramatic life, they would have been greater than Raphael; yet they would have done little more than has been actually accomplished by Raphael, for though they never approached him in form and dramatic vigour he often equalled them in sentiment. The sentimental is not the most difficult part of art, yet a little sentiment, happily displayed, has recently elevated into favourable notice many works that the absence of every other good quality had hitherto condemned to deserved obscurity. The perfection of art must consist in the coordinate development of the sensuous and the sentimental. So far from the *quattrocento* being a higher development of art than the *cinquecento*, it is nothing more than a comparatively incipient or progressive stage, owing its individuality not to the possession of certain qualities but to the absence of others belonging to a more advanced development. The attempt, therefore, of Overbeck and others to re-establish the early sentimental or ascetic art is a retrograde movement; so is that style also which devotes excessive attention to elaborate detail, and magnifies the eccentricities or accidents of the individual into generic characteristics. No exalted sentiment can possibly be aided by either ugliness or disease; neither health nor comeliness are incompatible with sorrow or piety. To attempt to represent intellectual or spiritual power at the expense of the physical condition is absurd. The physical ideal can alone harmonise with the spiritual ideal: lofty sentiment and physical baseness are essentially antagonistic. If such revivals are to be looked upon only as the reaction of vigorous minds to counteract effete and academic generalisation, then they are great services; but they must rank accordingly as mere means, and are on no account to be admired for their own sakes as ends to be attained. This will probably be the result of these new art vitalities. It was just such a re-action which developed the present high state of the art in France, as exemplified in the works of Paul Delaroche and Ary Scheffer; such men as Gericault being the pioneers who swept away the encumbering prejudices and classical conventionalities of the school of David."

Altogether, the book as it stands is the most complete, the clearest, and the most trustworthy outline map of the history of painting. It is not an elaborate critical examination of the great schools of art, like Kugler's Hand-Book, but a broad general chart of the country. By the ordinary reader, with little time to devote to a minute inquiry into Art-history, it will be found a safe and sufficient manual (especially with the author's excellent "Catalogue of the National Gallery" as a supplement). The student taking it as a guide will, by means of the careful references given under each head to the original sources of information, be enabled readily to push forward his investigations into any particular branch of the subject as far as he may please. And—what is not least important—the intelligent teacher who may wish to impart some instruction to his pupils on the history of art and the principles on which the great painters worked, will find in this volume a text-book, which, though the result of a wide range of original reading and inquiry, is sufficiently concise for school use, yet omits nothing which it would be desirable to notice in an elementary course.

**The Bouquet.** Painted by Charles Baxter. Engraved by H. Robinson. (Thos. McLean.)

MR. ROBINSON has in this print very successfully rendered Mr. Baxter's manner of painting English loveliness. The subject is one of those drawing-room elegances in which Mr. Baxter delights, and in which his pencil is always most at home. Three fair damsels, in the most correct drawing-room costume, have been gathered "a bouquet," and are now pointing out the choicer flowers to some fair or gallant friend outside the picture, on whom all their eyes are turned. Were we skilled in the language of flowers, we might perhaps read what it is that causes those bright eyes to sparkle so. As it is, we must be content to regard the picture as that of a trio of fair forms and faces. And so regarding it we must pronounce it of its kind a very pleasing picture. The kind is not one of the highest, but the public demands works of this class, and painters, engravers, and publishers must supply the demand. It is well when, as in this instance, the result is a graceful picture, with the delicacy free from sentimentalism or meretriciousness. Mr. Baxter has contrasted his three faces very cleverly. A somewhat haughty fair, with "blood" in her veins, occupies the centre; on the right is a genuine sunny English girl with soft waving tresses (her left hand, by the way, is somewhat out of drawing); on the other side the composition is balanced by one of equal but somewhat graver beauty, her shaded face serving as a foil to the pearly brightness of her companions. The engraving is in the mixed line and stipple manner; and whilst by careful finish great softness and delicacy is given to the flesh, Mr. Robinson has by the greater ease and freedom with which he has handled his burn, imparted much lightness to the summer drapery. He might have made the shade on the countenance of the lady on the left more transparent; but on the whole he has done his part well. The 'Bouquet' will no doubt become a very popular engraving.

Mr. Richard Sainthill has forwarded to us a pamphlet entitled *A Defence of the British School of Medal Engraving*, consisting chiefly of a paper read before the Cork Cuvierian Society, in November last, and now printed at the Society's request "for private distribution only." It is in fact a vigorous onslaught upon the management of the Department of Art, and more particularly upon the prize medal designed for the department by M. Veclate, which seems to have had the ill-luck to stir up the wrath of English medal-engravers, to be unsuitable for working in the material for which it was designed, and to be unsatisfactory to the schools and the students for whose encouragement it was intended. The Department has been almost uniformly unfortunate in its attempts at original design,—whether it has relied on its own resources or gone abroad for assistance; but it is in its youth and must not be judged too harshly. If it teaches well we must be content for the present. With respect to the particular instance under notice, as we have not the medal before us we must decline to sit in judgment, and though we thought it a very sorry affair when we saw it, we are not prepared to indorse its utter condemnation from recollection. Mr. Sainthill attacks alike the allegory, the way in which it is attempted to be worked out, the drawing of the figures, the expression of the faces, and the engraving. And not content with himself examining each of these points in detail, he has induced a couple of medical friends to write elaborate anatomical reports, showing that the deities and attributes paraded before her Majesty in all their native nakedness are not only personages of very questionable morality, but must be inevitably condemned by a surgical jury as anatomical impostors. Having told the object of the pamphlet, we need only commend it to the attention of all whom it may concern.

The prospectus has reached us of a new journal of the Fine Arts, which is to appear in Paris, but which, in the magniloquent language of the editorial introduction, is to be not for France alone,





*Salutaris Hostia*," set down for Miss Lascelles, whose fine voice is worthy more careful cultivation than it has hitherto received at the hands of its fair possessor. The overture of Beethoven—historically known as *The Consecration of the House*, having been composed for the opening of a new theatre at Pesth—is one of that great musician's most studied, but perhaps least genial works.

The second part of the entertainment included, among other things, Mr. Benedict's overture to *The Tempest*, which though a little diffuse, is extremely brilliant; the comic duet from Mozart's *Seraglio*, recently introduced by the same singers (Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley) at the Monday Popular Concerts—which, from propitiating visitors to the Cattle Show, have risen to set classical examples; and the *Marche Hongroise* of M. Berlioz (*Faust*). Mr. Benedict's overture was the most admirable performance of the evening. The least to be commended, unfortunately, was just that from which most had been anticipated, viz., a selection from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera of *Loreley*. This comprised the well known finale, intended for the first act (the solos for *Leonora* being drawn out by Mdle. Catharine Hayes in such a manner as to deprive them of all energy and passion), and an "Ave Maria" for soprano solo (the same lady) and chorus, which had never been heard before. The two pieces from *Loreley* were separated—most unadvisedly, we think—by a part-song, called "The Wandering Minstrels," which the members of the Vocal Association, though presumptive minstrels, could not sing.

A word or two of inquiry about the "Ave Maria," one of the freshest and most exquisite pieces that ever fell from mortal pen, may not be out of place. Those who are entrusted with the unpublished manuscripts of Mendelssohn have long and obstinately opposed common sense and the desire of the musical world—which (except in the instance of a company of maniacs, fitly apostrophised by an American critic as the "Mutual Adoration Society") embraces none but his enthusiastic admirers—by withholding them from publication. The reasons they bring forward in defence of their prohibition are not worth discussing; but assuming them to be tenable, we may fairly ask through what back-stairs' influence the "Ave-Maria" from *Loreley* was obtained to the Vocal Association? Edward Buxton, Esq., has conceded to Mr. Benedict and his flock of irregular sheep, the exclusive right of performance; and by the "kind permission" of W. Bartholomew, Esq., the words are printed. Now who, it might be demanded, are these gentlemen? If Edward Buxton and W. Bartholomew, Esquires, have the MSS. of Mendelssohn at disposal, and the privilege of lending them out for concerts, upon what pretext do they presume to withhold them from the world at large, which is eager to become acquainted with them? The programme of Wednesday evening goes so far as to inform subscribers that "the whole of the MS. score of the 'Ave Maria' has been presented to the Vocal Association." Presented, indeed! By whom, and on what authority? Mendelssohn's surviving relatives forbid the publication of any of the manuscripts remaining in their charge, under the pretext (of which the "Ave Maria," like all that has preceded it, shows the absurdity) that they are not calculated to sustain the reputation of the composer. Granting this to be true, *argumenti gratia* (although it is manifestly false), does not the exceptional favour now accorded to Mr. Benedict's institution amount to a breach of trust on the part of Edward Buxton, Esq.? Why, even the Vocal Association, after boasting of the distinction acquired at the expense of the rest of the world, echoes, in language peculiar to itself, the opinion of all who regard the subject dispassionately:

"The fragment of *Loreley* given in this programme, is, from various concurring causes, one of the most interesting of that Composer's works. The fact of its being the latest of his compositions, written too at an epoch when his talents were matured by time, experience, and a vast amount of musical knowledge; these, together with the nature of the subject—one singularly harmonising with his poetical and imaginative temperament—combined to

render the only portion of the Opera which has yet been presented to an English audience one of the most characteristic sketches which we possess of Mendelssohn's genius. Deeply is it to be deplored that no part of this work seems to be attainable but the Finale to the first Act, and the "Ave Maria," so kindly conceded to *The Vocal Association* by Edward Buxton, Esq.

"The early death which terminated Mendelssohn's short but brilliant career, surprised him, even at the period when he was engaged on what he clearly designed should be a great work of art, and was evidently a labour of love." There is, we believe, another piece completed, and it is reasonable to suppose that this finale must succeed several other pieces constituting the first Act. Whatever does exist of this music is due to posterity, and we hope that claim will shortly be met by the Committee of Professors at Leipzig, to whom the publication of Mendelssohn's MSS. has been entrusted."

We hope so, too, and are the more justified in our expectations by the fact that what a great genius leaves behind him, in the shape of artistic labour, belongs neither to surviving relations, nor to constituted trustees, but to posterity.

#### POETS OF A DAY.

WE have now before us a small batch of poets; some of whom we cannot, in justice, class with those Lilliputian minstrels noticed in recent numbers of the LITERARY GAZETTE, but to whom, nevertheless, we dare not promise any very long lease of fame. They are the poets of a day; bright, pleasant, harmonious; touching great themes with a light but not unskilful hand; never absolutely ridiculous, never verging on the sublime; safe and agreeable rhymesters whose *vers de société* achieve a transient reputation, and then pass away unlamented into oblivion. Modern poetry is, indeed, the modern Hydra. The critic may lop off one head here, and another there, but a hundred spring up in the place of the slain, and every fresh victory entails the necessity of a new combat.

An exceedingly handsome volume, the binding elegant and classical, the paper of the choicest, and the typography worthy of the reputation of Harrison & Sons,—altogether an aristocratic volume, with "everything respectable about it," which seems at once to command and deserve our deference, contain the poetical compositions of a lady not unknown in the circle of fashionable society. We look at the volume with an instinctive feeling of respect—it has such a well-to-do air about it. Our respect increases when we read the title-page, *Horæ Poeticæ, Lyrical and other Poems*. By Mrs. George Lenox-Conyngham. (Longmans & Co.) Our respect deepens as we turn to the dedication: "To the Viscountess Doneraile this volume is dedicated by her affectionate mother." It is evident we are moving in high life. We confess that this knowledge induces us to peruse the "Horæ Poeticæ," at first, with something like a prejudice against it; as our experience has not rendered us enamoured of the small ware of fashionable poets. But as we read on that prejudice vanishes, and we feel that if we are not reading poetry we are reading something very near akin to it. We feel that we are in the pure presence of a refined and womanly spirit, and are taken into the confidence, as it were, of a cultured and graceful intellect. Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham has written nothing of surpassing merit, but she has written much that is elegant, and imbued with poetical taste. And it is pleasant sometimes to turn from the Alps of song to those luminous and tranquil lakes sleeping in the silence of the valleys.

The subjects of Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham's poems are just those which a well-read lady of rather more than ordinary intellectual powers can best grapple with. They are the Cynthias of the minute which flutter through her delicate verse. "Flowers and Pearls," "The Portrait," "Old Friends," "Parting Song," "Woman's Worth,"—these are her favourite themes, though occasionally we come across the old stock-subjects,—a branch of cypress obtrudes itself amongst the gay-coloured flowers,—and we read of "A Dirge," "The Bridal and the Scaffold," "The Throne and

\* That is, his "early death" was "evidently a labour of love."

the Bier," "Flowers for a Grave," until we are lost in amazement:

Not that the things are either rich or rare,  
We wonder how the devil they got there!

What has Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham to do with funeral upholstery? The general tenour of her song, if it truly reflects her life, would imply that her experience in the tears-and-sorrow line has not been very extensive.

It is in these more ambitious attempts she fails. Many of her lighter pieces are prettily conceived and elegantly expressed. We select, as a not unfavourable specimen, the following little lyric, which, if it contains no new ideas, at least puts old ones in a very pleasant form:

#### ORNAMENTS FOR A BRIDE.

Around her head no jewels bind,  
Symbols of pomp and pride;  
Fresh flowers, through the hair entwined,  
Beft so young a bride.  
No diadem shall rear its weight  
Above that child-like brow;  
The future may bring robes of state,  
But dress her simply now.

Load her with roses, whose sweet breath,  
Like memories fond and pure,  
Bequeaths their fragrance, after death  
Still cherished to endure.  
Heart's ease shall typify her lot;  
Her love by pinka be told;  
And she shall have forget-me-not,  
With its true heart of gold.

Give her no pearls—for "Pearls are tears"—  
To hang about her neck;  
No gems betokening woes or fears,  
Her youthful form to deck;  
No opal with its changeful hue,—  
This is "Misfortune's stone;"  
No sapphire, by whose depth of blue  
"Repentance" is foretold.  
Our bride in flowers shall be drest,  
Which bode no grief or sin;  
As best becomes a tranquil breast,  
And loyal heart within.  
And we will wish her Joy's best wealth;  
A life with blessings fraught;  
But chief of all, the spirit's health,  
To use them as she ought.

*Spray* (Macmillan & Co.) is a collection of agreeable verses, polished, tuneful, and readable, by a writer who appears to have read carefully, and reflected on what he has read. The worst things in his ninety pages are his epigrams, which are brief but not pointed, and lack nothing of the epigram but what is generally considered its essence—wit. There are two or three spirited lyrics, such as "Aldershot" and "Help," some indifferent specimens of blank verse, and half-a-dozen really excellent sonnets. With study and closer pruning, the author of "Spray" will yet do better.

*Ernest the Pilgrim: a Dramatic Poem*. By J. W. King. (Partridge & Co.) We regret that Mr. King has wasted his powers of expression—which are beyond the average—on an intractable subject. The world is sick—and no wonder!—of dramatic poems, which are only dramatic because the flowing stream of verse is broken up by the introduction of half-a-dozen characters, and which possess neither the vigour, condensation, nor intrigue of the drama. Here, on Mr. King's canvas, are grouped Ernest, and Arthur, and Parson Frank, and a widow, all "as like each other as peas," all singing the same song, thinking the same thoughts, without individuality or colour. There is nothing dramatic in Mr. King's talent. He can write, if he will clip his wings, and be content with a less ambitious flight, some excellent rural ballads, and sketch with vigour pleasing rural pictures. But he wants, we are afraid, to be a great teacher, and to impose upon the world as the oracles of Apollo the merest platitudes, wrapped up (we beg Mr. King's pardon, wrap up) in bombastic verbiage. Here is a Delphian utterance:

The many must yield to the few,  
The few have their clutch on the crown;  
Convention is base and untrue,—  
Hurl the Conventional down:  
Up with an unroyal master,  
Peopledom Majesty, all!  
Empire!—infernal disaster!  
Empiring braggarts shall fall.  
Citizen Sovereigns asleep;  
Comp D'tat (sic) grasping the sword;  
A dash—and a dash—and a leap—  
Empire the Law and the Word.

Laugh o'er your murdered brothers;  
Orgie the horrible sight;  
Success the huge infancy mothers;  
Rascaldom mad with delight,  
A bastard—a rone—a ghoul—

But here Mr. King indulges in such very violent diatribes that, as we do not wish the LITERARY GAZETTE to be stopped by the French post-office authorities, we must abruptly conclude our quotation. "Ernest, the Pilgrim," is dedicated to Mr. King's "valued friend and instructor, Alessandro Gavazzi." Before he again tempts gods and columns, we hope he will *unlearn* Mr. Gavazzi's instructions, if they have been devoted to the English language. He has undoubted talent, but at present it runs riot, and he evidently mistakes "strong language" for powerful thought.

*Holy Places, and Other Poems.* By Rebecca Hey. (Hatchard & Co.) This unpretending but very graceful little volume opens with a "Plea for the Minor Minstrels," to which, if it were necessary, we could easily put in a rejoinder. We do not "scorn the lowliest lyre" when the said lyre is "pitched aright in tune and time," but when those primary excellences of music are totally unheeded by the arrogant or unskillful player. Miss Hey's strains are not of a lofty order, but at least their "tune" and "time" are unobjectionable, and they breathe a spirit of pure and unaffected piety, which the reader cannot fail to respect.

*The Lonely Grave: a Tale in Verse.* By Angus Macpherson. (Watson, Glasgow.) Deserves a word of commendation as a carefully-written and well-conceived story, designed to illustrate the potency of maternal love. Many passages have both power and pathos.

The last book on our list scarcely deserves a place under so flattering a heading as the "Poets of a Day." Rather let us call it a "Poem for Five Minutes," which is about the time any intelligent reader will be disposed to devote to its perusal. *Clouds and Light, and other Poems*, by Walter Tomlinson (Hall, Virtue, & Co.), are most offensively dull. Not a gleam of poetry flashes out from the verbiage of one hundred and fifty pages. "Clouds and Light," however, assumes a dramatic form, the interlocutors being Paul, Helen, and a Servant. The dialogue at times is delightfully like prose:

SERVANT. (*Enters and says.*) Miss Barton, sir, is here.  
PAUL. Ask her then to—  
HELEN. (*Comes in from behind.*) May I come in now, Cousin Paul?  
PAUL. Come in.  
[*Helen enters, and frankly offers her hand. He takes it coldly, and lets it fall.*]  
To what must I attribute the high grace,  
And honour of this visit?

We regret to state that Helen, instead of leaving the churl to the solitude for which he is evidently best suited, stays a considerable time, talks about "Memory's hazy night," and expresses an opinion with which we are not at all disposed to agree:

Thy verses always did delight me much;  
And nought would please me more, than now to read  
Some of thy late productions.

"Clouds and Light" is illustrated "with etchings by the Author." We recommend our readers to purchase the book for the sake of these etchings: they are undoubtedly original. The frontispiece seems to us worthy of description. At the bottom or base, let the reader imagine a table tilted on one side, and yet supporting a good-sized soup-tureen, inscribed "Nature,"—the contents, we suppose, being *au naturel*—which sends forth a winding cloud of vapour labelled, as it goes steaming up the page, "Joy, Love, Faith," the whole rather profanely terminating in the Creator's name. Within this vapour or steam is "a landscape with figures,"—time, sunset; the figures, a gentleman seated on a knoll beneath a peculiarly leafy tree, and wearing a hat singularly like an inverted flower-pot; and a lady, without crinoline (or bonnet), directing the gentleman's attention to the setting sun. The general effect is not particularly striking, but the design is worked out with pre-Raphaelite minuteness. In a word, Mr. Tomlinson's poetry and pictures are of equal merit.

## NEW NOVEL.

*Mildred Norman, the Nazarene.* By a Working Man. (Longman.)

To the reader of fiction who would like a change in his ordinary mental diet, and who can appreciate originality, not so much in ideas as in field of observation, and can tolerate many distasteful, perhaps repulsive, scenes, for the sake of the earnestness and love of truth which accompany their description, we heartily commend "Mildred Norman." The author, if we judge rightly from his work, has been no inconsiderable reader of books as well as of men, though not so deep a student as to have paralysed his powers of invention by the knowledge of what the great masters of literature have thought and written before him. So that his constructive faculty, which is really very great, finds expression in eloquent and adequate language, suited to almost every phase of his varying theme. It is only here and there, as in the speeches and discourses of the young missionary, that the style becomes too loaded and complex for dialogue. For the events of the story, as well as for the slang language of Dick and his young friends, recourse has been had to scenes of real life, and these are laid in what has been called, as the author reminds us, the "mud" of modern London social life. This suggests the motto—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and is the reason, we presume, as no other has occurred to us, for calling the heroine a Nazarene. She rises a being of gentleness, wisdom, and self-control, from the "stratum" above described, and adorns by her virtues the sphere to which she is elevated by unexpected fortune. To some readers the heroine of one of Eugene Sue's romances, Fleur-de-Marie, may recur by way of comparison; but the two creations have very little in common. Both are attractive, as presenting a bright moral contrast to the surrounding gloom; and both are improbable, for where are instances to be met with of natures at once so delicate and so strong as to preserve their refinements amidst the depressing influences of their origin? But Mildred Norman is the more natural of the two; she is the daughter of respectable parents, is self-taught by the discipline of bodily ailments, and is under the influence of religion before her fortune comes to her. Most of the other characters are drawn, we imagine, literally from life. The career of the young missionary, of "Religious Jem," and of Mrs. Collis seem to have been too naturally touched to be the products of fancy alone; while the descriptions of the Houndsditch Sunday fair, with the illegal grog shops in the neighbourhood, the interiors of hospitals, night lodging houses, and of such events as an inquest, a distress, &c., are too graphically minute and circumstantial to be anything else than sketches from life. It is strange indeed to find the most devout and spiritual themes discussed in glowing terms, close by the side of drunken excesses and foul language; but this contrast, shocking as it is to decency and good taste, is not without its living counterpart among the homes and haunts of the poor. In this respect the picture is true to nature, though it has seldom been drawn with such unshrinking truth as it is here. If it be a mark of genius to be able to summon up vivid images and to excite strong emotions, the "workman," whoever he be, who wrote "Mildred Norman," certainly discovers that character. He says that his composition has not engaged a single hour of his work time, but that he has felt the keenest enjoyment in occupying his leisure with its composition. This we must fully believe, for apart from the religious reflections, the descriptions of Mabel's passion and fall, the death of her lover, her voyage, and the scenes with the blind girl, are full of true poetical beauty. We should venture to recommend the writer, if not already engaged in such pursuits, to the editor of "The Leisure Hour," or some other periodical of that class, where his principles and abilities would be appreciated, and he would meet with such a public as he would himself desire.

The great moral of the book being the temp-

tations and sufferings of the poor, it is appropriately dedicated, by permission, to Lord Shaftesbury.

## SHORT NOTICES.

*The Works of Virgil.* Closely rendered into English Rhythm, and illustrated from British Poets of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. By the Rev. R. C. Singleton, M.A. In Two Volumes. Vol. II. (Bell & Daldy.) Competent judges were pretty generally agreed on the appearance of Mr. Singleton's first volume, that he was mistaken in his theory of translation. He insists upon it that prose should be prose, plain and unadorned, and that to render an ancient poet into prose so defined is flat "literary homicide." And he adds that if we resort to poetic prose, we still lay violent hands upon the author, and "deal a death-blow" at the student into the bargain. We can only remark on this singular theory that we believe it receives a practical refutation at least three times a week in the Lecture Room of the Professor of Latin at Oxford. The scholar who presides there has shown, even within the limited scope of his notes to the recent edition of the Eclogues and Georgics, that there is a prose, flexible, nervous, and generally adequate to the purpose, and yet hardly the sort of weapon which will prove fatal to Virgil, or dangerous to those who read him under the auspices of Professor Conington's edition. The real value of Mr. Singleton's book lies in the copious references to English poets. Yet even here his theory is at fault. Surely the Sixth Book of the *Æneid* might have been illustrated better by extracts from the "Divina Commedia," than from "The Castle of Indolence," "The Court Secret," or "Lady Jane Grey." Extracts seem, moreover, to have been here and there rather forcibly dragged into the service. Thus we have *Æn. X. 867*, "*Dixit: et exceptus tergo*," &c., illustrated by

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs," &c.

It is of course pointed out that Mezentius had a wound, and Harry Percy had none; but the parallel fails in many more points than this. Still we can honestly assure our readers that Mr. Singleton's very elaborate references to our own poets are valuable and interesting, and render his book a welcome acquisition.

*Anglo-Hebrew Bible Expositor.* By the Rev. James Orange. (Judd & Glass.) 1858. We cannot but respect the earnestness and zeal which the author displays throughout this little work, and the labour which he evidently has bestowed upon it. But it is a great deal too pretentious. Like many another person of strong feeling, Mr. Orange yields too easily to first and vivid impressions, and does not look with anything like sufficient care to their truth and correctness. The very first sentence in his book supplies an instance, and is enough of itself to prevent our accepting him as an authority. He coolly asserts that the first word in the Bible is, in the authorised version, mis-translated; that it has no reference to time; but that both it and the words *et dixit*, (*St. John i. 1*) ought to be rendered "*by means of the Chief One*." But to say nothing of the impudence of his references, or of the more general usage of this word, which he writes in his ante-masonic style B-ras-it, we cannot doubt that it is used with reference to time in *Jer. xxvii.*, *xxviii.*, "*In the beginning of the reign of Zedekiah*." Nor can we venture to throw aside, as Mr. Orange would have us do, all the aid of the Septuagint and other translations of the original, a recommendation which may be taken as the measure of his overweening self-confidence.

*Dictionary of the United States Congress.* By Charles Lanman. (Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.) This large volume professes to give biographical sketches of all the members of Congress, from the foundation of the government of the United States. The idea is good, and if such a work were properly executed by a competent writer, it would be unique, for we are not aware that anything of the sort has heretofore been attempted. But Mr.



Langman has failed to realise the expectations suggested by the title. The biographical sketches are meagre and imperfect to the last degree. Certainly, if the members of Congress have neither done nor said anything more than is here recorded, they must have been, and still are, a neutral and undistinguished lot. In such a case, therefore, the character of the republic and of its statesmen suffers more from omission than commission. But we all know that the Congress, whatever its prejudices and failings, has by no means been undistinguished either for patriotism or statesmanship. The only person who seems to ignore this fact is the author of this dictionary. We may add that the only good feature of the book is that which does not immediately relate to its main purpose—the Appendix.

*Town Swamps and Social Bridges.* By George Godwin, F.R.S. (Routledge & Co.) This work is the sequel to Mr. Godwin's "Glimpse at the Homes of the Thousands." Proceeding from the practical pen of the eminent editor of the *Builder*, it claims the thoughtful attention of all classes of sanitary and moral reformers. Thousands upon thousands are not aware of the frightful condition of parts of London, and some of its denizens; Mr. Godwin here reveals it in no captious or trifling spirit, but with a deep sense of his individual responsibility, and of the claims which the case presents to the earnest consideration of the public. Men and women are existing in this metropolis in dens where cleanliness is impossible and morals degraded, and where, as Mr. Godwin forcibly expresses it, "children are educated downwards." We cannot venture to enter into details. It is sufficient to say that the facts described in the "Glimpse" are here confirmed. We earnestly entreat our readers who are interested in these painful topics to procure this little volume. It constitutes a sad mockery of our boasted civilisation; but as nothing interests man like man, we hope it may prove the means of stimulating the spirit of improvement which has already done much, though far from enough, to elevate the population by increasing the comforts of their dwelling-places, and by encouraging habits of self-reliance and self-respect.

"Magazine Day" has occurred since our last, and we find a goodly pile upon our table of this comprehensive class of literature. Whatever may be said of the ponderous quarterlies on the one hand, or the weekly and daily journals on the other, the Monthly Magazine proper gives us a definite stand-point twelve times a year, from which we may if we choose take a deliberate survey of the progress of literature, art, science, or politics. And so we may revive or extend our acquisitions of information or amusement; and thus "Magazine Day," as it is called in the "Row," becomes important socially and intellectually, and also commercially. Indeed, we should like to see a reliable estimate of the commercial results of "Magazine Day." We rather think such statistics would show an aggregate of £ s. d., that would bear no mean comparison with the ordinary transactions of Mark Lane, Mincing Lane, or the area of the Royal Exchange.

First of all let us bid welcome to "The Universal Review of Politics, Literature, and Social Science," published by Messrs. Allen & Co. of Leadenhall Street, the first number of which is before us. The object is to give prominence to the critical element in respect to the wide domain embraced by the title, in a liberal, conservative, conscientious spirit. In other words, it is sought to establish a sort of English *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This design is strictly carried out. There is, however, a want of animation in the sketch of the Parliamentary debates of the present session; though as a summary of the business hitherto done, the article will be found useful. And considering the capacity manifested in the selection and treatment of some of the immediate topics of the day, we are disappointed not to find something said about the question of peace or war which is now agitating all Europe. The public who read magazines have a right to expect information upon such a matter from public writers

competent to give it; and we think there are few more competent than some upon the staff of the *Universal Review*.

Blackwood, ever welcome, comes next; and here the public will find something to guide their opinions as to the political future; for under the title of "Napoleon III. and Europe," we are distinctly told that the Emperor is on the one hand "waiting for the melting of the snows on Mount Cenis," and that on the other, he "may be waiting also for the melting of the ice in the Baltic." That is, there will certainly be a war in Italy; and that it is not improbable it is intended to attempt to humiliate us. When this article was written, Sir John Pakington had not moved the navy estimates, so we feel tolerably safe from the last alternative; but what about the former? Why, it is proved as clearly as anything can be that the Emperor is bent upon war for personal and dynastic objects. And how?

"He will stop short in the enterprise whenever it suits himself. . . . Assuredly will the Italians find him resolved to stop short in the 'liberation of Italy' as soon as he thinks best for himself. Triumphs by short wars and diplomacy are the means upon which he relies to aggrandise himself. . . . He must wish it to be an Italian war confined to Italy. . . . This war with Austria he regards as a neat little enterprise that can be carried on while the rest of Europe is at peace, and now is the time when it might be most successfully executed."

We shall see. At all events these are the opinions of an extremely well-informed political writer.

War is also the most leading topic in *Fraser's Magazine*; but here it is discussed by the able author of "Friends in Council" in a tone and spirit that will commend themselves to peaceful men and women, and to common taxpayers. The article forms a portion of a new series of the work just named, and we foretell that it will have an important effect in confirming the aspirations for peace which are distinguishing all classes of our countrymen. The other contributions to *Fraser* are of the accustomed class, agreeable, chatty, and useful.

Next comes the *Eclectic* (Ward & Co.), with its sterling independence and argumentative power. We shall not, however, meddle with its heavy artillery: we prefer, from professional instinct, to beguile an hour upon "The Newspaper—day and night," the gossiping contribution of a quondam "Sub." The "Sub" reveals the inner mysteries of the detail of a London morning journal, upon a night when there is a heavy or perhaps a double debate in Parliament. The description is a perfect photograph of things as they really are upon such occasions, without the slightest shadow of exaggeration.

Of Mr. Bentley's new review we shall speak in our next publication.

The *Journal of the Statistical Society* is, of course, a neutral publication, containing neither politics nor particularly light reading; yet it gives most valuable information upon all questions of material interest. For example, it is substantially gratifying to find that the year 1859 has six advantages in its favour:

1. The cost of living as regards the working classes is less: bread, sugar, tea, coffee, fruit, are cheap.
2. Raw materials of manufacture are by comparison cheap.
3. The rate of discount is low.
4. New and extensive markets in the East are being opened.
5. Cheap tonnage has at length removed one of the important causes of high prices during recent years.
6. Rapid means of intelligence and transit now coming into use in some of the largest and richest regions of earth, hitherto inaccessible, are enlarging every day the sphere open to enterprise, invention, and industry.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, The *Englishwoman's Journal*, The *Amateur's Magazine*, The *Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions*, *Kingston's Magazine for Boys*, and The *Hurst Johnian* have been received. Also Mr. Glenn's *The Rose; its Cultivation, Properties, and Management*.

The second part of *The English Cyclopædia* conducted by Charles Knight (Bradbury & Evans) has appeared; it is brought down to the word "Aro." Messrs. Blackwood have issued No. 12 of their *Tales from Blackwood*; and Messrs. Chap-

man & Hall the 20th number of Charles Lever's *Davenport Dunn*. Mr. Murray is issuing a cheap edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, and a second part of the *Complete Works of Lord Byron*, from the same eminent house has also appeared. and Messrs. Routledge have reprinted, under the editorial care of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the *Aménities of Literature*.

Among the pamphlets sent to us are Signor Gavazzi's *Oration in Justice to Oliver Cromwell* (Freeman); *The Education of the Poor, a Blessing not an Injury to the Nation*, a sermon preached at Ashford, Kent, by the Rev. A. R. Grant, one of the Assistant Inspectors of Schools; Mr. Hennessy's essay *On Freedom of Education* (Kelly, Dublin), read at the meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Liverpool, last October; and *A Reply to Cardinal Wiseman's Letter to his Chapter*, by the Rev. M. A. Tierney, of Arundel.

# LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Angler's (The) Register, by an Officer in the Army, 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Arnold (T. K.), First Greek Book, 4th ed. 12mo. 3s.  
Atkinson (C. F.), Campaign in India, 1857-58, folio, 3l. 3s. and 6s.  
Barwell (Mrs.), Little Lessons for Little Learners, new ed. 16mo. 2s. 6d.  
Buchanan (A.), Mary; and other Poems, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. and 3s.  
Buchanan (R.), Notes of a Clerical Purgatory in the Holy Land, 4to. 7s. 6d.  
Burns (R.), Pæneological Development of, 8vo. 1s.  
Bryce (J.), The Library Gazetteer, imp. 8vo. 21s.  
Cartwright (P.), Autobiography of (the Backwoods Preacher), 2nd ed. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Chambers (J.), Domestic Annals of Scotland, 2nd ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 34s.  
Church Warbler, Vol. 12, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Clarke on the Relief of Trustees, 8vo. 1s.  
Clarkson's Designs for Monuments, Vol. 2, folio, 42s.  
Cobbitt (L.), Scripture Explanations of Bible Dictionary, 4th ed. 18mo. 1s. 6d.  
Colette (A.), Further Thoughts on Church Matters in Diocese of Oxford, 8vo. 1s.  
Coopland (R. M.), Lady's Escape from Gwalior, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
De La Vey (M.), Pictorial French Grammar, new ed. 16mo. 1s. and 3s. 6d.  
Dickens (C.), David Copperfield, Library edition, vol. 1, post 8vo. 6s.  
Disraeli (B.), Coningsby; or, the New Generation, new ed. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Dransfield (C.) and Hallifax (G.), The Flirting Page and other Poems, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Durham Universal Calendar, 1859, 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Elton (Sir E.), On the Ballot, 2nd ed. 8vo. 1s.  
Encyclopædia Britannica, re-issue, Vol. 1, 4to. 34s.  
Exton (R. B.), Speculum Gregis, or Parochial Ministers' Assistant, 7th ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Godwin (G.), Town Swamps and Social Bridges, 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
Gold of Ophir, 32mo. 2s. 6d.  
Goodwin (H.), Sermons at Cambridge Advent, 1858, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Griesbach's New Testament, Translated by Sharp, 4th ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Hodson (Major), Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Humphrey (W. G.), Boyle Lectures, 1859, On the Character of St. Paul, 12mo. 3s.  
Indian Scenes and Characters by Prince Soltykoff, folio, 62s. and 84s.  
King (E. J.), Ten Thousand Wonderful Things, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Lawrence (E.), Bankruptcy and Law Reform, 8vo. 1s.  
Laurie List for 1859, 12mo. 7s. 6d.  
Lees (J.), Laws of the Customs, with the Tariff of Customs Table, post 8vo. 6s.  
London: What to See, and How to See it, new ed. 18mo. 1s. and 1s. 6d.  
Lytton (E. B.), What will he do with it? 2nd ed. 4 vols. post 8vo. 42s.  
Mac Gachen (T. S.), Law of Fairs and Markets, 8vo. 1s.  
Moore (T.), Irish Melodies, new ed. 32mo. 1s.  
Moore (T.), Irish Melodies, with Symphonies by Balfe, folio, 25s.  
Moore (T.), Irish Melodies, with Symphonies by Stevenson, 4to. 12s. 6d.  
Moore (T.), Lalla Rookh, new ed. 32mo. 1s.  
Moore (T.), Selections from Irish Melodies, Songs, and Poetical Works, 32mo. 1s.  
Parker's Historical Tales: No. 1, "The Cave on the Hills," 12mo. 1s.  
Parlour Library: Ben Bradshaw, 12mo. 2s.  
Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, new ed. 12mo. 2s.  
Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, new ed. Vol. 1, 12mo. 4s.  
Pritchard (R. A.), Hand Book of the Law of Marriage and Divorce, 8vo. 15s.  
Run and Read Library: "The Julia," by the Author of "Nellie of Dura," 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Sabrine Corolla in Hortalis Regine Scholz Salopiniensis, new ed. 8vo. 12s.  
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A new edition (the third) of the Rev. Canon Moseley's work on popular astronomy, entitled, "Astro-Theory," is preparing for publication.

## MISCELLANEA.

A political letter, addressed by Signor Farini to Lord John Russell, has been published at Turin.

The Secretary of State of Wisconsin informs the legislature that of the amount of money expended for public printing during the past three years, about 27,000 dollars was for English, 30,000 dollars for German, and 14,000 dollars for Norwegian languages.

We have pleasure in stating that Miss Harriette Condon, of Macclesfield, one of the youngest pianists in the Royal Academy of Music, had the honour of performing several *morceaux* before a distinguished party at the Mansion House yesterday week.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 20th ult. says, "On Saturday *Otello* was performed by the Italian artistes, on the occasion of M. Tamberlik's benefit. The entire court was present, and Madame Bosio, MM. Tamberlik, Calzolari, and Everardi sang to perfection. The Emperor and Empress were present the following evening also at the French theatre, to witness the performance of the *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*."

Verdi's new opera, *Un ballo in Maschera*, was produced at the Apollo Theatre, Rome, on the 17th ult. The duet in the second act, and the whole of the third act, met with great applause, and the *maestro* was called for on the stage, to receive the congratulations of the audience not fewer than twenty-three times.

Lord Malmesbury has followed the course adopted by Lord Clarendon with respect to the appointment of student interpreters from the Chinese class at King's College. Last year five youths were accepted by his lordship upon the nomination of Dr. Jelf, the principal, and others are now preparing themselves in expectation of similar appointments.

In consequence of an Order in Council the coffins in the vaults of the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields were ordered to be deposited in the catacombs. As it was known that the remains of the great Hunter were in the vaults, a diligent search of several days was made for his coffin by Mr. Frank Buckland, of the Life Guards, a son of the late respected Dean of Westminster, and his exertions were crowned with success last week. It is not a little singular that he found two coffins bearing the honoured name. The veritable Hunter, however, was found in No. 3 vault; the coffin was in excellent preservation, the hand only being decayed in some places; the handsome brass plate upon it was as perfect as when originally engraved, the coat of arms uninjured, and the inscription, clear and distinct, was as follows:—"John Hunter, Esq., died October 16, 1793, aged 64 years." The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have gladly accepted charge of the remains, and they will be deposited in the Abbey.

The plan of sorting the mails on board, ready for delivery, is now carried out on board the whole of the steamers belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company running between Southampton and Alexandria, and between the latter port and Marseilles.

**BREWER'S PANORAMA.—GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.**—A scene has been added to those of the vast caverns which give so much interest to this striking panorama. The new painting represents the Victoria Bridge across the river St. Lawrence, at Montreal, as part of the Grand Trunk Railway, so likely to prove advantageous to Canada. The first coffer dam was floated to its place on the 24th May, 1854, and it is expected that this stupendous undertaking will be completed in October next. The idea of its length may be realised by calculating that it is eight times that of Waterloo Bridge. The entire number of men now employed amounts to 2800, whose daily wages are altogether 1000*l.*, and the weight of the stone will not be less than 240,000 tons. The addition of this example of Mr. Robert Stephenson's engineering skill to the extensive caverns produced by nature, well deserves the attention of the public.

The third of the "classical" series of Monday Popular Concerts, at St. James's Hall, was quite as successful as its predecessors. The programme this time was selected from Haydn and Weber. No better or more effective contrast could have been imagined than this between one of the most realistic and one of the most imaginative of composers. The singers, Mrs. Enderssohn excepted, were the same as at the previous concert. Mr. H. Blagrove led the quartet. On Monday we are promised a Beethoven night.

The Royal Society of Musicians held their anniversary festival at St. James's Hall, on Thursday. A larger number than usual sat down to dinner, but the musical part of the entertainment was of less than ordinary attraction. From the printed report the affairs of the Society appear to be in a flourishing condition. The donations were liberal (upwards of 300*l.*), including 100 guineas from Messrs. Cocks, and 50 guineas from the princely firm of Broadwood & Sons, to whom the Society was previously indebted for more than 1200*l.*

The Whittington Club, which combines the intellectual resources of a mechanics' institution with the social comforts of a club, is making steady progress. On Tuesday evening a ball was given to inaugurate the opening of the dining and refreshment department. The attendance was numerous. The saloon is one of the most elegant in the metropolis, lofty, simple in decoration, and beautifully lit, by the application of the sun-light principle. The acoustic properties are also excellent, and music was consequently never heard to greater advantage. An elegant supper was served in a style which not only reflected the highest credit on the *cuisine* of the club, but fully justified the preparations which had been made to celebrate the coming into full operation of the gastronomic department of the club, where, to which last Tuesday's amusement was no exception,—the evenings pass off most agreeably.

**PANORAMA OF CANTON.**—Mr. Burford has just produced a new painting of this city, which has become more interesting than formerly from having been so recently the scene of warlike operations and diplomatic controversy. Our faith has been for so many years placed in Mr. Burford's accuracy, that little was required to confirm it at the present day; he however boasts in this instance of having worked entirely from photographs taken by the engineers for military purposes; and therefore we are assured that every twig of the trees, and every tile on the roofs, are actual copies from the reality. Besides the unusual accuracy, the large panorama is full of most elaborately picturesque detail, as well as some admirable examples of aerial perspective; and is, consequently, deserving of public patronage, both in a local and a pictorial sense.

A scientific and industrial expedition is being organised in Antwerp for a voyage round the world.

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## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN,  
BY ROYAL COMMAND.

JOSEPH GILLOTT begs most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his

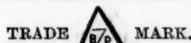
WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS, which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Gresham Street; 54, New Street, Birmingham; No. 9, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

EAU-DE-VIE.—This pure PALE BRANDY, though only 16s. per gallon, is demonstrated, upon analysis, to be peculiarly free from acidity, and very superior to recent importations of veritable Cognac. In French bottles, 34s. per dozen; or securely packed in a case for the country, 35s.

HENRY BRETT &amp; CO., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE, in the finest condition, is now being delivered by HARRINGTON, PARKER, & CO. This celebrated Ale, recommended by BARON LIEBIG and all the Faculty, is supplied in Bottles and in Casks of 18 gallons and upwards, by HARRINGTON, PARKER, & CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants, 54 Pall Mall, London.



## PATENT CORN FLOUR,

WITH BROWN &amp; POLSON'S NAME.

HAS NOW THE ABOVE TRADE MARK ON EACH PACKET. For Fuddings, Custards, &c., preferred to the best Arrow Root, and unequalled as a Diet for Infants and Invalids. *The Lancet* says, "This is superior to anything of the kind known."—See Reports also from Drs. Hassall, Lethby, and Muspratt.

Sold by Grocers, Chemists, &c. at 5d. per 16 oz. packet.

Paisley, Manchester, Dublin, and 25, Ironmonger Lane, London.

## COCO-NUT FIBRE MATTING.

TRELLOAR'S IS THE BEST.

Prize Medals awarded—London, New York, and Paris.

Catalogues, containing Prices and every particular, post-free.

Warehouse, 42, Ludgate Hill London, E.C.

## GARDEN WATERING ENGINES,

STRINGS, &amp;c., upon the most improved principle, manufactured by the patentee.

RICHARD READ, 35, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, London.

Descriptions sent post free.

## ROCK LIFE OFFICE.—15, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, 8th MARCH, 1859.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the BOOKS OF THIS COMPANY WILL BE CLOSED FOR THE TRANSFER OF SHARES ON MONDAY the 14th INST., until FRIDAY the 15th APRIL next, and that a DIVIDEND for the half-year ending 28th February last will be PAYABLE at the Office ON AND AFTER FRIDAY the 15th APRIL next, between the hours of Eleven and Three o'clock.

By Order of the Court of Directors,

JOHN GODDARD, Actuary.

## IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1820.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE WILLIAM COTTELL, Esq., Chairman.

FREDERICK PATTISON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Thomas G. Barclay, Esq.

James C. Bell, Esq.

James Brand, Esq.

Charles Cave, Esq.

George Henry Cutler, Esq.

Henry Davidson, Esq.

George Field, Esq.

George Hibbert, Esq.

Samuel Hibbert, Esq.

Thomas Newman Hunt, Esq.

J. Gordon Murdoch, Esq.

William R. Robinson, Esq.

Martin T. Smith, Esq., M.P.

Newman Smith, Esq.

SECURITY.—The assured are protected by a guarantee fund of upwards of a MILLION AND A HALF STERLING from the liabilities attaching to mutual assurance.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent. of the Profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.

CLAIMS.—The Company has disbursed in payment of claims and additions upwards of £1,500,000.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

## UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 8, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

The Funds or Property of the Company, as at 31st December, 1857, amounted to £617,801 invested in Government or other approved securities. Annual Income, upwards of £111,000 from Premiums alone.

THE HON. FRANCIS SCOTT, M.P., CHAIRMAN.

CHARLES BERWICK CURTIS, Esq., DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN.

INVALID LIVES.—Persons not in sound health may have their lives insured at equitable rates.

ACCOMMODATION IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.—Only one-half of the Annual Premium, when the Insurance is for Life, requires to be paid for the first five years, simple interest being charged on the balance. Such arrangement is equivalent to an immediate advance of 60 per cent. upon the Annual Premium, without the borrower having recourse to the unpleasant necessity of procuring Sureties, or assigning and thereby parting with his Policy, during the currency of the Loan, irrespective of the great attendant expenses in such arrangements.

The above mode of Insurance has been found most advantageous when Policies have been required to cover monetary transactions, or when incomes applicable for Insurance are at present limited, as it only necessitates half the outlay formerly required by other Companies before the present system was instituted by this Office.

LOANS.—Are granted likewise on real and personal securities.

Forms of Proposals and every information afforded on application to the Resident Director,

8, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

(By Order)

E. LENNOX BOYD, Resident Director.

## LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, FLEET STREET, LONDON, FEBRUARY 28, 1859.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the BOOKS FOR THE TRANSFER OF SHARES in this Society will be closed on WEDNESDAY the 16th day of MARCH next, and will be reopened on WEDNESDAY the 6th day of APRIL next.

The Dividend for the year 1858, will be payable on and after THURSDAY, the 7th day of APRIL next.

By Order of the Directors,

WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNS, Actuary.

## THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT,

CASH ACCOUNT AND BALANCE SHEET to 31st December last, as laid before the Members of THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, at the General Meeting on WEDNESDAY, 16th FEBRUARY, 1859, is now printed, and may be had on a written or personal application at the Society's Office, 38, King Street, Chancery Lane, E.C. To the Report and Accounts are appended a list of Bonuses paid on the Claims of the year 1858.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

38, King Street, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

## PELICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1797.

70, Lombard Street, City, and 57, Charing Cross, Westminster.

DIRECTORS.

Octavius Edward Cope, Esq. William Cotton, D.C.L., F.R.S. John Davis, Esq. William Walker Fuller, Esq. James A. Gordon, M.D., F.R.S. Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq., M.P. Henry Lancelotti Holland, Esq. Wm. Jas. Lancaster, Esq. John Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S. Benjamin Shaw, Esq. Matthew Whiting, Esq. M. Wyvill, jun., Esq., M.P.

This Company offers COMPLETE SECURITY. MODERATE RATES OF Premium, with Participation in Four-fifths or Eighty per cent. of the Profits.

LOW RATES without Participation in Profits. LOANS in connection with Life Assurance, on approved Security in sums of not less than £500.

BONUS OF 1851.—ALL POLICIES effected prior to the 1st July, 1851, on the Bonus Scale of Premium, will participate in the next Division of Profits.

ROBERT TUCKER, Secretary and Actuary.

## ACCIDENTS ARE OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.

INSURANCE DATA SHOW THAT ONE PERSON IN EVERY FIFTEEN IS MORE OR LESS INJURED BY ACCIDENT YEARLY.

An annual payment of 3s. secures a fixed allowance of 6s. per week in the event of Injury, or 1000s. in case of Death, from Accidents of every description, by a policy in the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, which has already paid in compensation for Accidents 37,069s.

Forms of Proposal and Prospectuses may be had at the Company's Office, and at all the principal Railway Stations, where also RAILWAY ACCIDENTS ALONE may be insured against by the Journey or year. No charge for Stamp Duty. Capital One Million.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, Offices, 3, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

## SUN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

LONDON.

The Profits of this Society will be divided in future, Quinquennially instead of Septennially; and Policies will participate at each division, after three annual payments of premium have been made, instead of five as heretofore.

Policies effected now, or before Midsummer, 1860, will participate in four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the profits at the next division in January, 1863, according to the conditions contained in the Society's Prospectus.

The Premiums required by this Society for insuring young lives are lower than in many other old established Offices, and Insurers are fully protected from all risk by an ample guarantee fund in addition to the accumulated funds derived from the investments of Premiums.

Policy Stamps paid by the Office.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office in Threadneedle Street, London, or of any of the Agents of the Society.

CHARLES HENRY LIDDELL, Actuary.

